## HISTORY

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## EMILY MONTAGUE.

By the AUTHOR of LADY JULIA MANDEVILLE.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for Ro. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

By Mis Author of AND PULLA MENDROVILLE. A PEW RDITION. WOL IL : MOCHOU.

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## HISTORY

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# EMILY MONTAGUE.

# LETTER EV.

To Mis Rivers, Clarges-Street

the the said Coline with Siller, Jan 36.

So, my dear, we went on too fast, it feems: Sir George was so obliging as to settle all without waiting for Emily's confent; not having supposed her refusal to be Vol. II.

in the chapter of possibilities: after having communicated their plan of operations to me as an affair settled, papa was dispatched, as Sir George's ambassador, to inform Emily of his gracious intentions in her favor.

She received him with proper dignity, and like a girl of true spirit told him, that as the delay was originally from Sir George, she should insist on observing the conditions very exactly, and was determined to wait till spring, whatever might be the contents of Mrs. Clayton's expected letter; reserving to herself also the privilege of resusing him even then, if upon mature deliberation she should think proper so to do.

She has further insisted, that till that time he shall leave Silleri; take up his abode at Quebec, unless, which she thinks most adviseable, he should return to Montreal for the winter; and never attempt seeing her without witnesses, as their present situation

tion is particularly delicate, and that whilft it continues they can have nothing to fay to each other which their common friends may not with propriety hear: all she can be prevailed on to consent to in his favor, is to allow him en attendant to visit here like any other gentleman.

I wish she would send him back to Montreal, for I see plainly he will spoil all our little parties.

Emily is a fine girl, Lucy, and I am friends with her again; so, my dear, I shall revive my coterie, and be happy two or three months longer. I have sent to ask my two sweet sellows at Quebec to dine here: I really long to see them; I shall let them into the present state of affairs here, for they both despite Sir George as much as I do; the creature looks amazingly foolish, and I enjoy his humiliation not a little: such an animal to set up for being beloved indeed! O to be sure!

B 2

Emily

Emily has fent for me to her apartment. Adieu for a moment.

Eleven o'clock.

She has shewn me Mrs. Melmoth's letter on the subject of concluding the marriage immediately: it is in the true spirit of family impertinence. She writes with the kind discreet insolence of a relation; and Emily has answered her with the genuine spirit of an independent English woman, who is so happy as to be her own mistress, and who is therefore determined to think for herself.

She has refused going to Montreal at all this winter; and has hinted, though not impolitely, that she wants no guardian of her conduct but herself; adding a compliment to my ladyship's discretion so very civil, it is impossible for me to repeat it with decency.

O Heavens!

## EMILY MONTAGUE.

O Heavens! your brother and Fitzgerald! I fly. The dear creatures! my life has been absolute vegetation since they absented themselves.

> Adieu! my dear, Your faithful

> > Tomoto The State

A. FERMOR.

## LETTER

A STATE OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE STATE OF THE

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Jan, 24.

XIE have the same parties and amusements we used to have, my dear, but there is by no means the same spirit in them; constraint and dullness seem to have taken the place of that sweet vivacity and confidence which made our little fociety for pleafing:

B 3

pleasing: this odious man has infected us all; he seems rather a spy on our pleasures than a partaker of them; he is more an antidote to joy than a tall maiden aunt.

I wish he would go; I say spontaneously every time I see him, without considering I am impolite, "La! Sir George, when do "you go to Montreal?" He reddens, and gives me a peevish answer; and I then, and not before, recollect how very impertinent the question is.

But pray, my dear, because he has no taste for social companionable life, has he therefore a right to damp the spirit of it in those that have? I intend to consult some learned casuist on this head.

He takes amazing pains to please in his way, is curled, powdered, persumed, and exhibits every day in a new suit of embroidery; but with all this, has the mortification

## EMILY MONTAGUE.

cation to see your brother please more in a plain coat. I am lazy. Adieu!

Yours, ever and ever,

A. FERMOR.

## LETTER LVII.

To John Temple, Efq. Pall-Mall.

Jan. 25.

So you intend, my dear Jack, to marry when you are quite tired of a life of gallantry: the lady will be much obliged to you for a heart, the refuse of half the prostitutes in town; a heart, the best feelings of which will be entirely obliterated; a heart hardened by a long commerce with the most unworthy of the sex; and which will bring disgust, suspicion, coldness, and depravity of taste, to the bolom of sensibility and innocence.

For my own part, though fond of women to the greatest degree, I have had, confidering my profession and complexion, very few intrigues. I have always had an idea I should some time or other marry, and have been unwilling to bring to a state in which I hoped for happiness from mutual affection, a heart worn out by a course of gallantries: to a contrary conduct is owing most of our unhappy marriages; the woman brings with her all her stock of tenderness, truth, and affection; the man's is exhaufted before they meet: the finds the generous delicate tenderness of her foul, not only unreturned, but unobserved; she fancies some other woman the object of his affection, the is unhappy, she pines in secret; he observes her discontent, accuses her of caprice; and her portion is wretchedness for life.

If I did not ardently wish your happiness, I should not thus repeatedly combat a prejudice, which, as you have sensibility, will infallibly

#### EMILY MONTAGUE.

fallibly make the greater part of your life a scene of insipidity and regret.

You are right, Jack, as to the favages; the only way to civilize them is to feminize their women; but the task is rather difficult: at present their manners differ in nothing from those of the men; they even add to the serocity of the latter.

You defire to know the state of my heart: excuse me, Jack; you know nothing of love; and we who do, never disclose its mysteries to the prophane: besides, I always chuse a semale for the considerate of my sentiments; I hate even to speak of love to one of my own sex.

Adieu! I am going a party with half a dozen ladies, and have not another minute to spare.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

B 5

LET-

#### LETTER LVIH.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Jan. 28.

I EVERY hour, my dear, grow more in love with French manners; there is fomething charming in being young and sprightly all one's life: it would appear absurd in England to hear, what I have just heard, a fat virtuous lady of seventy toast Love and Oppertunity to a young sellow; but 'tis nothing here: they dance too to the last gasp; I have seen the daughter, mother, and grand-daughter, in the same French country dance.

They are perfectly right; and I honor them for their good sense and spirit, in determining to make life agreeable as long as they can.

Aproposto age, I am resolved to go home, Lucy: I have found three grey hairs this morning: morning; they tell me 'tis common; this vile climate is at war with beauty, makes one's hair grey, and one's hands red. I won't ftay, absolutely.

Do you know there is a very pretty fellow here, Lucy, Captain Howard, who has taken a fancy to make people believe he and I are ongood terms? He affects to fit by me, to dance with me, to whisper nothing to me, to bow with an air of mystery, and to shew me all the little attentions of a lover in public, though he never yet said a civil thing to me when we were alone.

I was standing with him this morning near the brow of the hill, leaning against a tree in the sunshine, and looking down the precipice below, when I said something of the lover's leap, and in play, as you will suppose, made a step sorwards; we had been talking of indifferent things, his air was till then indolence itself; but on this

B 6

little motion of mine, though there was not the least danger, he with the utmost feeming eagerness catched hold of me as if alarmed at the very idea, and with the most paffionate air protested his life depended on mine, and that he would not live an hour after me. I looked at him with aftonishment, not being able to comprehend the meaning of this fudden flight, when turning my head, I faw a gentleman and lady close behind us, whom he had observed though I had not. They were retiring: "Pray ap-" proach, my dear Madam," faid I; " we " have no fecrets, this declaration was intended for you to hear; we were talking " of the weather before you came."

He affected to finile, though I saw he was mortified; but as his smile shewed the finest teeth imaginable I forgave him: he is really very handsome, and 'tis pity he has this solish quality of preferring the shadow to the substance.

I shall, however, defire him to flirt elfewhere, as this badinage, however innocents may hurt my character, and give pain to my little Fitzgerald: I believe I begin to love this fellow, because I begin to be delicate on the subject of flirtations, and feet my spirit of coquetry decline every day.

29th.

Propagate and the second Mrs. Clayton has wrote, my dear; and has at last condescended to allow Emily the honor of being her daughter-in-law, in consideration of her son's happiness, and of engagements entered into with her own confent; though the very prudently observes, that what was a proper match for Captain Clayton is by no means fo for Sir George; and talks something of an offer of a citizen's daughter with fifty thousand pounds, and the promise of an Irish title. She has however, observed that indiscreet engagements are better broke than kept. WAR COLUMN

Sir George has shewn the letter, a very indelicate one in my opinion, to my father and me; and has talked a great deal of non-fense on the subject. He wants to shew it to Emily, and I advise him to it, because I know the effect it will have. I see plainly he wishes to make a great merit of keeping his engagement, if he does keep it: he hinted a little fear of breaking her heart; and I am convinced, if he thought she could survive his insidelity, all his tenderness and constancy would cede to filial duty and a coronet.

Eleven o'clock,

After much deliberation, Sir George has determined to write to Emily, inclose his mother's letter, and call in the afternoon to enjoy the triumph of his generosity in keeping his engagement, when it is in his power to do so much better: 'tis a pretty plan, and I encourage him in it; my father, who wishes the

## EMILY MONTAGUE

the match, shrugs his shoulders, and frowns at me; but the little man is fixed as fate in his resolve, and is writing at this moment in my father's apartment. I long to see his letter; I dare say it will be a curiosity: 'tis short, however, for he is coming out of the room already.

Adieu! my father calls for this letter; it is to go in one of his to New York, and the person who takes it waits for it at the door.

Ever yours,

A. FERMOR

LET

#### LETTER LIX.

To Miss Montague, at Silleri.

Dear Madam,

I Send you the inclosed from my mother: I thought it necessary you should see it, though not even a mother's wishes shall ever influence me to break those engagements which I have had the happiness of entering into with the most charming of women, and which a man of honor ought to hold sacred.

I do not think happiness intirely dependent on rank or fortune, and have only to wish my mother's sentiments on this subject more agreeable to my own, as there is nothing I so much wish as to oblige her: at all events, however, depend on my sulfilling those promises, which ought to be the more

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 17

more binding, as they were made at a time when our fituations were more equal.

I am happy in an opportunity of convincing you and the world, that interest and ambition have no power over my heart, when put in competition with what I owe to my engagements; being with the greatest truth,

My dearest Madam,

Yours &c.

You will do me the honor to name the day to make me happy.

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## LETTER LX.

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To Sir GEORGE CLAYTON, at Quebec.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE read Mrs. Clayton's letter with attention; and am of her opinion, that indifcreet engagements are better broke than kept.

I have the less reason to take ill your breaking the kind of engagement between us at the desire of your family, as I entered into it at first entirely in compliance with mine. I have ever had the sincerest esteem and friendship for you, but never that romantic love which hurries us to forget all but itself: I have therefore no reason to expect in you the imprudent disinterestedness that passion occasions.

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 19

A fuller explanation is necessary on this subject than it is possible to enter into in a letter: if you will favor us with your company this afternoon at Silleri, we may explain our sentiments more clearly to each other: be assured, I never will prevent your complying in every instance with the wishes of so kind and prudent a mother.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and obedient fervant, EMILY MONTAGUE.

said seems the time of

### LETTER LXI.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

I HAVE been with Emily, who has been reading Mrs. Clayton's letter; I saw joy sparkle in her eyes as she went on, her little heart seemed to slutter with transport; I see two things very clearly, one

of which is, that she never loved this little insipid Baronet; the other I leave your sagacity to find out. All the spirit of her countenance is returned: she walks in air; her cheeks have the blush of pleasure; I never saw so astonishing a change. I never selt more joy from the acquisition of a new lover, than she seems to find in the prospect of losing an old one.

She has written to Sir George, and in a fyle that I know will hurt him; for though the believe he wishes her to give him up, yet his vanity would defire it should cost her very dear; and appear the effort of disinterested love, and romantic generosity, not what it really is, the effect of the most tranquil and perfect indifference.

By the way, a disinterested mistress is, according to my ideas, a mistress who fancies she loves: we may talk what we please, at a distance, of sacrificing the dear man to his interest,

## EMILY MONTAGUE.

interest, and promoting his happiness by destroying our own; but when it comes to the point, I am rather inclined to believe all women are of my way of thinking; and let me die if I would give up a man I loved to the first duchess in Christendom: 'tis all mighty well in theory; but for the practical part, let who will believe it for Bell.

Indeed, when a woman finds her lover inclined to change, 'tis good to make a virtue of necessity, and give the thing a sentimental turn, which gratisses his vanity, and does not wound one's own.

Adieu! I see Sir George and his fine carriole; I must run, and tell Emily.

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blur or indicated after namen an expile

Ever yours,

A. Fermor.

#### LETTER LXII.

To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Jan. 28.

I ES, my Lucy, your brother tenderly. regrets the absence of a sister endeared to him much more by her amiable qualities than by blood; who would be the object of his efteem and admiration, if she was not that of his fraternal tenderness: who has all the blooming graces, simplicity, and innocence of nineteen, with the accomplishments and understanding of five and twenty; who joins the strength of mind for often confined to our fex, to the foftness. delicacy, and vivacity of her own; who, in short, is all that is estimable and lovely: and who, except one, is the most charming of her fex: you will forgive the exception, Lucy; perhaps no man but a brother would make it.

## EMILY MONTAGUE: 23

My sweet Emily appears every day more amiable; she is now in the full tyranny of her charms, at the age when the mind is improved, and the person in its persection. I every day see in her more indifference to her lover, a circumstance which gives me a pleasure which perhaps it ought not: there is a selfishness in it, for which I am asraid I ought to blush.

You judge perfectly well, my dear, in checking the natural vivacity of your temper, however pleafing it is to all who converse with you: coquetry is dangerous to English women, because they have sensibility; it is more suited to the French, who are naturally something of the salamander kind.

I have this moment a note from Bell Fermor, that the must see me this instant.

I hope

convinced we will not be story upon the

schools to be given up) he hes hom that

I hope my Emily is well: Heaven preserve the most perfect of all its works.

Adieu! my dear girl,

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

### LETTER LXIII.

Mileson Charles for all of the Artiff a

To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

fill women beaute ince

Feb. 1.

WE have passed three or sour droll days, my dear. Emily persists in resolving to break with Sir George; he thinks it decent to combat her resolution, lest he should lose the praise of generosity: he is also piqued to see her give him up with such persect composure, though I am convinced he will not be sorry upon the whole to be given up; he has, from the first

first receipt of the letter, plainly wished her to resign him, but hoped for a sew faintings and tears, as a facrifice to his vanity on the occasion.

My father is fetting every engine at work to make things up again, supposing Emily to have determined from pique, not from the real feelings of her heart: he is srighted to death lest I should counterwork him, and so jealous of my advising her to continue a conduct he so much disapproves, that he won't leave us a moment together; he even observes carefully that each goes into her respective apartment when we retire to bed.

This jealousy has started an idea which I think will amuse us, and which I shall take the first opportunity of communicating to Emily; 'tis to write each other at night our sentiments on whatever passes in the day; if she approves the plan, I will send Vol. II. C

LET

you the letters, which will fave me a great deal of trouble in telling you all our petites bistoires.

This scheme will have another advantage; we shall be a thousand times more sincere and open to each other by letter than face to face; I have long seen by her eyes that the little fool has twenty things to say to me, but has not courage; now-letters you know, my dear,

Excuse the blush, and pour out all

Besides, it will be so romantic and pretty, almost as agreeable as a love affair: I long to begin the correspondence.

Adieu!

ow and when we

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Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

granting the thirty with the boundary

to show is two its of reing beloved, at To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

indeplement and determine the

Quebec, Feb. 5.

eachters released I western allow at a last and HAVE but a moment, my Lucy, to tell you, my divine Emily has broke with her lover, who this morning took an eternal · leave of her, and fet out for Montreal in his way to New-York, whence he proposes to embark for England.

been the inule of a featheren favority of My fensations on this occasion are not to be described: I admire that amiable delicacy which has influenced her to give up every advantage of rank and fortune which could tempt the heart of woman, rather than unite herfelf to a man for whom the felt the last degree of indifference; and this, without regarding the censures of her C2 family, family, or of the world, by whom, what they will call her imprudence, will never be forgiven: a woman who is capable of acting fo nobly, is worthy of being beloved, of being adored, by every man who has a foul to diftinguish her perfections.

If I was a vain man, I might perhaps fancy her regard for me had forme share in determining her conduct, but I am convinced of the contrary; 'tis the native delicacy of her soul alone, incapable of forming an union in which the heart has no share, which, independent of any other consideration, has been the cause of a resolution so worthy of herself.

That she has the tenderest affection for me, I cannot doubt one moment; her attention is too flattering to be unobserved; but it is that kind of affection in which the mind alone is concerned. I never gave her the most

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 29

most distant hint that I loved her: in her fituation it would have been even an outrage to have done fo. She knows the narrowness of my circumstances, and how near impossible it is for me to marry; she therefore could not have an idea-no, my dear girl, 'tis not to love, but to true delicacy, that she has facrificed avarice and ambition; and she is a thousand times the more estimable from this circumstance.

I am interrupted. You shall hear from me in a few days.

Adieu!

" vind cate my conduct in regard to Sir

" of pacetivess the beau Your affectionate

Lood I dig wolfent was or son at it

"George; you have from the hir approved "it; you have even advited it. If I have

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# LETTER LXV.

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To Mils RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

dear girl, 'els not to love, but to time alli-

hater springer handelpell and g Silleri, Feb. 10.

I HAVE mentioned my planto Emily, who is charmed with it; 'tis a pretty evening amusement for two solitary girls in the country.

Behold the first fruits of our corre-

## "To'Mis FERMOR.

"It is not to you, my dear girl, I need "vindicate my conduct in regard to Sir "George; you have from the first approved

"it; you have even advised it. If I have

" been to blame, 'tis in having too long de-

" layed an explanation on a point of fuck " importance to us both. I have been long " on the borders of a precipice; without " courage to retire from fo dangerous a " fituation: overborne by my family, I have " been near marrying a man for whom I "have not the least tenderness, and whose " conversation is even now tedious to me."

" My dear friend, we were not formed " for each other: our minds have not the " least resemblance. Have you not observed " that, when I have timidly hazarded my " ideas on the delicacy necessary to keep " love alive in marriage, and the difficulty " of preserving the heart of the object be-" loved in fo intimate an union, he has " indolently affented, with a coldness not to " be described, to sentiments which it is " plain from his manner he did not under-" ftand; whilst another, not interested in " the conversation, has, by his countenance, " by the fire of his eyes, by looks more " eloquent

the of the security of the second

eloquent than all language, showed his foul was of intelligence with mine!

"A strong sense of the force of engage"ments entered into with my consent,
sthough not the effect of my free, unbiassed
"choice, and the sear of making Sir George,
"by whom I supposed myself beloved, un"happy, have thus long prevented my
"resolving to break with him for ever;
"and though I could not bring myself to
"marry him, I sound myself at the same
"time incapable of assuming sufficient re"folution to tell him so, 'till his mother's
"letter gave me so happy an occasion.

"There is no faying what transport I "feel in being freed from the insupportable "yoke of this engagement, which has long fat heavy on my heart, and suspended the "natural chearfulness of my temper.

"Yes, my dear, your Emily has been wretched, without daring to confess it even " to you: I was ashamed of owning I had en-" tered into fuch engagements with a man " whom I had never loved, tho' I had for a " short time mistaken esteem for a greater "degree of affection than my hearr ever " really knew. How fatal, my dear Bell, is. "this mistake to half our sex, and how " happy am I to have discovered mine in er time! 1 cmilia as

" I have scarce yet asked myself what I " intend; but I think it will be most pru-" dent to return to England in the first ship, " and retire to a relation of my mother's " in the country, where I can live with decency on my little fortune.

"Whatever is my fate, no lituation can be equally unhappy with that of being wife to a man for whom I have not even " the flightest friendship or esteem, forwhofe C S " conver-

" conversation I have not the least taste,

" and who, if I know him, would for ever

" think me under an obligation to him for

" marrying me.

" I have the pleasure to see I give no "pain to his heart, by a step which has "relieved mine from misery: his seelings "are those of wounded vanity, not of love.

#### " Adieu! Your

## "EMILY MONTAGUE."

I have no patience with relations, Lucy; this sweet girl has been two years wretched under the bondage her uncle's avarice (for he foresaw Sir George's acquisition, though shedid not) prepared for her. Parents should chuse our company, but never even pretend to direct our choice; if they take care we converse with men of honor only, 'tis impossible we can chuse amis: a conformity

#### EMILY MONTAGUE. 35

of taste and sentiment alone can make marriage happy, and of that none but the parties concerned can judge.

Chinaic trule and I

By the way, I think long engagements, even between persons who love, extremely unfavorable to happiness: it is certainly right to be long enough acquainted to know something of each other's temper, but 'tis bad to let the first fire burn out before we come together; and when we have once resolved, I have no notion of delaying a moment.

If I should ever consent to marry Fitzgerald, and he should not sly for a licence before I had finished the sentence, I would dismis him if there was not another lover to be had in Canada.

Adieu L

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

My Emily is now free as air; a fweet little bird escaped from the gilded cage. Are you not glad of it, Lucy? I am amazingly.

# LETTER LXVI.

To Mis Rivers, Clarges-Street

tuercher, and whose yoursey once relighted.

Quebec, Feb. 11.

WOULD one think it possible, Lucy, that Sir George should console himfelf for the loss of all that is lovely in woman, by the fordid prospect of acquiring, by an interested marriage, a little more of that wealth of which he has already much more than he can either enjoy or become? By what wretched motives are half mankind influenced in the most important action of their lives!

### EMILY MONTAGUE.

The vulgar of every rank expect happiness where it is not to be found, in the ideal advantages of splendor and diffipation; those who dare to think, those minds who partake of the celestial fire, feek it in the real folid pleasures of nature and fost affection which was a which wanted

not do juliece: the calindels to me then to

I have feen my lovely Emily fince I wrote to you; I shall not fee her again for some days; I do not intend at present to make my visits to Silleri so frequent as I have done lately, left the world, ever studious to blame, should misconstrue her conduct on this very delicate occasion. I am even afraid to flew my usual attention to her when prefent, left the herfelf should think I prefume on the politeness she has ever shewn me, and fee her breaking with Sir George in a fall light: the greater I think her obliging park tiality to me, the more guarded I ought to be in my behaviour to her; her ficuation edge would make the herwind of my hie;

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diese palamatich die gespalmenten

I cannot however help encouraging a pleafing hope that I am not absolutely indifferent to her: her lovely eyes have a foftness when they meet mine, to which words cannot do justice: she talks less to me than to others, but it is in a tone of voice which penetrates my foul; and when I fpeak, her attention is most flattering, though of a nature not to be feen by common observers; without feeming to diffinguish me from the crowd who strive to engage her esteem and friendship, she has a manner of addressing me which the heart alone can feel; fhe contrives to prevent my appearing to give her any preference to the rest of her fex, yet I have feen her blush at my civility to another.

She has at least a friendship for me, which alone would make the happiness of my life; and

and which I would prefer to the love of the most charming woman imagination could form, fenfible as I am to the fweetest of all passions: this friendship, however, time and affiduity may ripen into love; at least I should be most unhappy if I did not think fo.

I love her with a tenderness of which few of my fex are capable: you have often told me, and you were right, that my heart has all the fenfibility of woman.

metroson pomo commisse dellero

A mail is arrived, by which I hope to hear from you; I must hurry to the postoffice; you shall hear again in a few days.

ben mentelen da seneral Cherry Barrell

Adieu !

he alterestation and there were being the life to the left

Marie Street (Javel, Jameign. etc. accidente.

Your affectionate

tinique tan le m it. sie exime Ed. Rivers.

#### LETTER LXVII.

and which I would prefer to the love of two

form, fenfole as I am to the fweezelt of all

To Col. Rivers, at Quebec.

Mall too bib I le requiere front se blight I London, Dec. I.

TOU need be in no pain, my dear brother, on Mr. Temple's account; my heart is in no danger from a man of his prefent character: his person and manner are certainly extremely pleafing; his understanding, and I believe his principles, are worthy of your friendship; an encomium which, let me observe, is from me a very high one: he will be admired every where, but to be beloved, he wants, or at least appears to me to want, the most endearing of all qualities, that genuine tenderness of foul, that almost feminine fensibility, which, with all your firmness of mind and spirit, you possess beyond any man I ever yet met with.

which I almost fancy he does, he must endeavor to resemble you; 'tis rather hard upon me, I think, that the only man I perfectly approve, and whose disposition is formed to make me happy, should be my brother: I beg you will find out somebody very like yourself for your lister, for you have really made me saucy.

I pity you heartily, and wish above all things to hear of your Emily's marriage, for your present situation must be extremely unpleasant.

mills maid in the county.

But, my dear brother, as you were fo very wife about Temple, allow me to ask you whether it is quite consistent with prudence to throw yourself in the way of a woman so formed to inspire you with tenderness, and whom it is so impossible you can ever hope to possess: is not this acting a little

· Proce Langua Massarti Singit , shairte 1

little like a foolish girl, who plays round the flame which she knows will consume her.

My mother is well, but will never be happy till you return to England; I often find her in tears over your letters: I will, say no more on a subject which I know will give you pain. I hope, however, to hear you have given up all thoughts of settling in America: it would be a better plan to turn farmer in Northamptonshire; we could double the estate by living upon it, and I am sure I should make the prettiest milk-maid in the county.

I am serious, and think we could live very superbly all together in the country; consider it well, my dear Ned, for I cannot bear to see my mother so unhappy as your absence makes her. I hear her on the stairs; I must hurry away my letter, for

of store during the property of the state and .

#### EMILY MONTAGUE. 43

for I don't chuse she should know I write to you on this subject.

Adjeu!

Your effectionate

estate Lucy Rivers

a tennar of his morning

Say every thing for me to Bell Fermor; and in your own manner to your Emily, in whose friendship I promise myself great happiness.

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ment to another: I ment Colond Rivers,

Who is should be the party of t

To Miss Montague, at Silleri.

Montreal, Feb. 10.

NEVER any aftonishment equalled mine, my dear Emily, at hearing you had broke an engagement of years, so much to your advantage as to fortune, and with

with a man of so very unexceptionable a character as Sir George, without any other apparent cause than a slight indelicacy in a letter of his mother's, for which candor and affection would have found a thousand excuses. I will not allow myself to suppose, what is however publicly faid here, that. you have facrificed prudence, decorum, and I had almost said honor, to an imprudent inclination for a man, to whom there is the ftrongest reason to believe you are indifferent, and who is even faid to have an attachment to another: I mean Colonel Rivers, who, though a man of worth, is in a fituation which makes it impossible for him to think of you, were you even as dear to him as the world fays he is to you.

I am too unhappy to say more on this subject, but expect from our past friendship a very sincere answer to two questions; whether love for Colonel Rivers was the real motive for the indiscreet step you have taken;

in the

To Mill Montrout,

taken; and whether, if it was, you have the excuse of knowing he loves you? I should be glad to know what are your views, if you have any to I am, verbis thebluser

My dear Emily,

Your affectionate friend, maritiden Sir Gebrus.

E. MELMOTH.

# LETTER LXIX.

de conciere with one loron, with a throner

of To enter into to factor an engagement

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal. nosquan a them

> Silleri, Feb. 19. vitan of beings find I

My dear Madam, on Land I .....

AM too fensible of the rights of friendfhip, to refuse answering your questions; which I shall do in as few words as possible. I have not the least reason to suppose myself beloved by Colonel Rivers; nor, if I know

I know my heart, do I love bim in that fense of the word your question supposes? I think him the best, the most amiable of mankind; and my extreme affection for him, though I believe that affection only a very lively friendship, first awakened me to a sense of the indelicacy and impropriety of marrying Sir George.

To enter into so sacred an engagement as marriage with one man, with a stronger affection for another, of how calm and innocent a nature soever that affection may be, is a degree of baseness of which my heart is incapable.

When I first agreed to marry Sir George, I had no superior esteem for any other man; I thought highly of him, and wanted courage to resist the pressing solicitations of my uncle, to whom I had a thousand obligations. I even almost persuaded myself I loved him, nor did I find

my mistake till I saw Colonel Rivers, in whose conversation I had so very lively a pleasure as soon convinced me of my mistake: I therefore resolved to break with Sir George, and nothing but the fear of giving him pain prevented my doing it fooner: his behaviour on the receipt of his mother's letter removed that fear, and fet me free in my own opinion, and I hope will in yours, from engagements which were equally in the way of my happiness, and his ambition. If he is fincere, he will tell you my refusal of him made him happy, though he chuses to affect a chagrin which he does not feel.

I have no view but that of returning to England in the fpring, and fixing with a relation in the country.

timesfeld to proceed Constant providing to

If Colonel Rivers has an attachment, I hope it is to one worthy of him; for my own part, I never entertained the remotest thought

The traction

thought of him in any light but that of the most sincere and tender of friends. I am, Madam, with great esteem,

Your affectionate friend,

and obedient fervant,

THE PART THE LOVE EMILY MONTAGUE.

# LETTER LXX.

me free in my own opinion, and I hope will

To Mis Rivers, Clarges-Street.

you my refull of him made him happy,

Silleri, Feb. 27.

Le does not feel

THE RE are two parties at Quebec in regard to Emily: the prudent mammas abuse her for losing a good match, and suppose it to proceed from her partiality to your brother, to the imprudence of which they give no quarter; whilst the misses admire her generosity and spirit, in facrificing all for love; so impossible it is to please every

#### EMILY MONTAGUE. 49

every body. However, she has, in my opinion, done the wisest thing in the world; that is, she has pleased herself.

As to her inclination for your brother, I am of their opinion, that she loves him without being quite clear in the point herself: she has not yet confessed the fact even to me; but she has speaking eyes, Lucy, and I think I can interpret their language.

Whether he sees it or not I cannot tell; I rather think he does, because he has been less here, and more guarded in his manner when here, than before this matrimonial affair was put an end to; which is natural enough on that supposition, because he knows the impertinence of Quebec, and is both prudent and delicate to a great degree.

He comes, however, and we are pretty good company, only a little more referved on both fides; which is, in my opinion, a little fymptomatic.

VOL. II.

D

La!

La! here's papa come up to write at my bureau; I dare say, it's only to pry into what I am about; but excuse me, my dear Sir, for that. Adieu! jusqu'au demain, ma tres chere.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

#### LETTER LXXI.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, Feb. 20.

EVERY hour, my Lucy, convinces me more clearly there is no happiness for me without this lovely woman; her turn of mind is so correspondent to my own, that we seem to have but one soul: the first moment I saw her the idea struck me that we had been friends in some pre-existent state, and were only renewing our acquaintance here; when she speaks, my heart vibrates to the sound, and owns every thought she expresses a native there,

The

The same dear affections, the same tender sensibility, the most precious gift of Heaven, inform our minds, and make us peculiarly capable of exquisite happiness or misery.

The passions, my Lucy, are common to all; but the affections, the lively sweet afsections, the only sources of true pleasure, are the portion only of a chosen sew.

Uncertain at present of the nature of her sentiments, I am determined to develope them clearly before I discover mine: if she loves as I do, even a perpetual exile here will be pleasing. The remotest wood in Canada with her would be no longer a desert wild; it would be the habitation of the Graces.

But I forget your letter, my dear girl; I am hurt beyond words at what you tell me of my mother; and would instantly return to England, did not my fondness for this charming woman detain me here: you

D 2

are both too good in wishing to retire with me to the country; will your tenderness lead you a step farther, my Lucy? It would be too much to hope to see you here; and yet, if I marry Emily, it will be impossible for me to think of returning to England.

There is a man here whom I should prefer of all men I ever saw for you; but he is already attached to your friend Bell Fermor, who is very inattentive to her own happiness, if she refuses him: I am very happy in finding you think of Temple as I wish you should.

You are so very civil, Lucy, in regard to me, I am afraid of becoming vain from your praises.

Take care, my dear, you don't spoil me by this excess of civility, for my only merit is that of not being a coxcomb.

I have a heaviness of heart, which has never left me fince I read your letter: I am shocked at the idea of giving pain to the best parent that ever existed; yet have less hope than ever of seeing England, without giving up the tender friend, the dear companion, the adored mistress; in short, the very woman I have all my life been in fearch of: I am also hurt that I cannot place this object of all my wishes in a station equal to that she has rejected, and I begin to think rejected for me.

I never before repined at feeing the gifts of fortune lavished on the unworthy.

Adieu, my dear ! I will write again when I can write more chearfully.

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Your affectionate

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ED. RIVERS.

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#### LETTER LXXII.

To the Earl of ---.

Silleri, Feb. 20.

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My Lord,

YOUR Lordship does me great honor in supposing me capable of giving any satisfactory account of a country in which I have spent only a few months.

As a proof, however, of my zeal, and the very strong desire I have to merit the esteem you honor me with, I shall communicate from time to time the little I have observed, and may observe, as well as what I hear from good authority, with that lively pleasure with which I have ever obeyed every command of your Lordship's.

The French, in the first settling this colony, seem to have had an eye only to the conquest of ours: their whole system of policy policy feems to have been military, not commercial; or only fo far commercial as was necessary to supply the wants, and by fo doing to gain the friendship, of the savages, in order to make use of them against 115.

The lands are held on military tenure: every peafant is a foldier, every feigneur an officer, and both ferve without pay whenever called upon; this fervice is, except a very finall quit-rent by way of acknowledgement, all they pay for their lands: the feigneur holds of the crown, the peafant of the feigneur, who is at once his lord and commander.

The peafants are in general tall and robuft, notwithstanding their excessive indolence; they love war, and hate labor; are brave, hardy, alert in the field, but lazy and inactive at home; in which they refemble the favages, whose manners they feem

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strongly to have imbibed. The government appears to have encouraged a military spirit all over the colony; though ignorant and stupid to a great degree, these peasants have a strong sense of honor; and though they serve, as I have said, without pay, are never so happy as when called to the field.

They are excessively vain, and not only look on the French as the only civilized nation in the world, but on themselves as the flower of the French nation: they had, I am told, a great aversion to the regular troops which came from France in the late war, and a contempt equal to that averfion; they however had an affection and esteem for the late Marquis De Montcalm, which almost rose to idolatry; and I have even at this distance of time seen many of them in tears at the mention of his name: an honest tribute to the memory of a commander equally brave and humane; for whom his enemies wept even on the day when their own here fell.

I am called upon for this letter, and have only time to affure your Lordship of my respect, and of the pleasure I always receive from your commands. I have the honor to be,

My Lord, and by Landbook

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

#### LETTER LXXIII.

To Mis FERMOR.

Feb. 24, Eleven at night

I HAVE, indeed, my dear, a pleasure in his conversation, to which words cannot do justice: love itself is less tender and lively than my friendship for Rivers; from the first moment I saw him, I lost all taste

for

for other conversation; even yours, amiable as you are, borrows its most prevailing charm from the pleasure of hearing you talk of him.

When I call my tenderness for him friendship, I do not mean either to paint myself as an enemy to tenderer sentiments, or him as one whom it is easy to see without feeling them: all I mean is, that, as our fituations make it impossible for us to think of each other except as friends, I have endeavored—I hope with fuccess to fee him in no other light: it is not in his power to marry without fortune, and mine is a trifle: had I worlds, they should be his; but, I am neither so selfish as to. defire, nor fo romantic as to expect, that he should descend from the rank of life he has been bred in, and live loft to the world with me.

As to the impertinence of two or three women, I hear of it with perfect indifference a

ference: my dear Rivers esteems me, he approves my conduct, and all else is below my care: the applause of worlds would give me less pleasure than one smile of approbation from him.

I am aftonished your father should know me fo little, as to suppose me capable of being influenced even by you: when I determined to refuse Sir George, it was from the feelings of my own heart alone; the first moment I saw Colonel Rivers convinced me my heart had till then been a stranger to true tenderness: from that moment my life has been one continued struggle between my reason, which shewed me the folly as well as indecency of marrying one man when I so infinitely preferred another, and a false point of honor and mistaken compassion: from which painful state, a concurrence of favorable accidents. has at length happily relieved me, and left. me free to act as becomes me.

Of this, my dear, be affured, that, though I have not the least idea of ever marrying Colonel Rivers, yet, whilst my sentiments for him continue what they are, I will never marry any other man.

I am hurt at what Mrs. Melmoth hinted in her letter to you, of Rivers having appeared to attach himself to me from vanity: the endeavors in vain to destroy my esteem for him: you well know he never did appear to attach himself to me; he is incapable of having done it from such a motive; but if he had, such delight have I in whatever pleases him, that I should with joy have facrificed my own vanity to gratify his.

Adieu! Your

EMILY MONTAGUE.

## LETTER LXXIV.

To Mis Montague.

Feb. 25, Eight o'clock, just up.

MY dear, you deceive yourself; you love Colonel Rivers; you love him even with all the tenderness of romance: read over again the latter part of your letter; I know friendship, and of what it is capable; but I fear the sacrifices it makes are of a different nature.

Examine your heart, my Emily, and tell me the result of that examination. It is of the utmost consequence to you to be clear as to the nature of your affection for Rivers.

Adieu! Yours,

strict and the local sections

A. FERMOR.

LET-

## LETTER LXXV.

A. R. STAR ST. MER.

# To Miss FERMOR.

YES, my dear Bell, you know me better than I know myfelf; your Emily loves.—But tell me, and with that clear fincerity which is the cement of our friend-fhip; has not your own heart discovered to you the secret of mine? do you not also love this most amiable of mankind? Yes, you do, and I am lost: it is not in woman to see him without love; there are a thousand charms in his conversation, in his look, nay in the very sound of his voice, to which it is impossible for a soul like yours to be insensible.

I have observed you a thousand times listening to him with that air of softness and complacency—Believe me, my dear, I am not angry with you for loving him;

FILL

the contract of court and court

he is formed to charm the heart of woman: I have not the least right to complain of you; you knew nothing of my passion for him; you even regarded me almost as the wife of another. But tell me, though my heart dies within me at the question, is your tenderness mutual? does he love you? I have observed a coldness in his manner lately, which now alarms me. - My heart is torn in pieces. Must I receive this wound from the two persons on earth most dear to me? Indeed, my dear, this is more than your Emily can bear. Tell me only whether you love: I will not ask more. - Is there on earth a man who can please where he appears ?

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Said Visit and Asia

#### LETTER LXXVI.

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To Miss Montague.

YOU have discovered me, my sweet Emily: I love—not quite so dyingly as you do; but I love; will you sorgive me when I add that I am beloved? It is unnecessary to add the name of him I love, as you have so kindly appropriated the whole sex to Colonel Rivers.

However, to shew you it is possible you may be mistaken, 'tis the little Fitz I love, who, in my eye, is ten times more agreeable than even your nonpareil of a Colonel; I know you will think me a shocking wretch for this depravity of taste; but so it is.

Upon my word, I am half inclined to be angry with you for not being in love with Fitzgerald; a tall Irishman, with good

# EMILY MONTAGUE. 65

good eyes, has as clear a title to make conquests as other people.

Yes, my dear, there is a man on earth, and even in the little town of Quebec, who can please where he appears. Surely, child, if there was but one man on earth who could please, you would not be so unreasonable as to engross him all to yourself.

For my part, though I like Fitzgerald extremely, I by no means infift that every other woman shall.

france: Lancined plosed accourage

Go, you are a foolish girl, and don't know what you would be at. Rivers is a very handsome agreeable fellow; but it is in woman to see him without dying for love of which behold your little Bell to example. Adieu! be wifer, and believe me

Ever yours,

Parter Manyago.

A. FERMOR.

# LETTER LXXVII.

of the minimum.

I AM glad you do not see Colonel Rivers with my eyes; yet it seems to me very strange; I am almost piqued at your giving another the preference. I will say no more, it being, as you observe, impossible to avoid being absurd on such a subject.

I will go to Montmorenci; and, to shew my courage, will venture in a covered carriole with Colonel Rivers, though I should rather wish your father for my cavalier at present.

Yours, EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

### LETTER LXXVIII,

To Miss MONTAGUE.

Y O U are right, my dear: 'tis more prudent to go with my father. I love prudence; and will therefore fend for Mademoiselle Clairaut to be Rivers's belle.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

# LETTER LXXIX.

To Miss FERMOR.

Y O U are a provoking chit, and I will go with Rivers. Your father may attend Madame Villiers, who you know will naturally take it ill if she is not of our party. We can ask Mademoiselle Clairaut another time,

Adieu! Your

2....3

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

#### LETTER LXXX.

To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25.

HOSE who have heard no more of a Canadian winter than what regards the intenfeness of its cold, must suppose it a very joyles season: 'tis, I assure you, quite ' otherwise; there are indeed some days here of the feverity of which those who were never out of England can form no conception; but those days seldom exceed a dozen in a whole winter, nor do they come in fuccession; but at intermediate periods, as the winds fet in from the North-West; which, coming fome hundred leagues, from frozen lakes and rivers, over woods and mountains covered with fnow, would be insupportable, were it not for the furs with which the country abounds, in fuch variety and plenty as to be within the reach of all its inhabitants.

Thus

# EMILY MONTAGUE. 69

Thus defended, the British belles set the winter of Canada at desiance; and the season of which you seem to entertain such terrible ideas, is that of the utmost chearfulness and sestivity.

But what particularly pleases me is, there is no place where women are of such importance: not one of the sex, who has the least share of attractions, is without a levee of beaux interceding for the honor of attending her on some party, of which every day produces three or sour.

I am just returned from one of the most agreeable jaunts imagination can paint, to the island of Orleans, by the falls of Montmorenci; the latter is almost nine miles distant, across the great bason of Quebec; but as we are obliged to reach it in winter by the waving line, our direct road being intercepted by the inequalities of the ice, it is now perhaps a third

a third more. You will possibly suppose a ride of this kind must want one of the greatest effentials to entertainment, that of variety, and imagine it only one dull whirl over an unvaried plain of snow: on the contrary, my dear, we pass hills and mountains of ice in the trifling space of these few miles. The bason of Quebec is formed by the conflux of the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci with the great river St. Lawrence, the rapidity of whose flood tide, as these rivers are gradually seized by the frost, breaks up the ice, and drives it back in heaps, till it forms ridges of transparent rock to an height that is aftonishing, and of a strength which bids defiance to the utmost rage of the most furiously rushing tide,

This circumstance makes this little journey more pleasing than you can possibly conceive: the serene blue sky above, the dazling brightness of the sun, and the colors from the refraction of its rays on the transpa-

The bottom of the both the

rent

rent part of these ridges of ice, the winding course these oblige you to make, the sudden disappearing of a train of sisteen or twenty carrioles, as these ridges intervene, which again discover themselves on your rising to the top of the frozen mount, the tremendous appearance both of the ascent and descent, which however are not attended with the least danger; all together give a grandeur and variety to the scene, which almost rise to enchantment.

Your dull foggy climate affords nothing that can give you the least idea of our frost pieces in Canada; nor can you form any notion of our amusements, of the agreeable-ness of a covered carriole, with a sprightly fellow, rendered more sprightly by the keen air and romantic scene about him; to say nothing of the sair lady at his side.

Even an overturning has nothing alarming in it; you are laid gently down on a foft

fost bed of snow, without the least danger of any kind and an accident of this sort only gives a pretty sellow occasion to vary the style of his civilities, and shew a greater degree of attention.

But it is almost time to come to Montmorenci: to avoid, however, satiguing you or myself, I shall refer the rest of our tour to another letter, which will probably accompany this: my meaning is, that two moderate letters are vastly better than one long one; in which sentiment I know you agree with

Yours

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out ve ve said store A. Fermon.

# LETTER LXXXI.

To Mifs RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25, Afternoon.

So, my dear, as I was faying, this fame ride to Montmorenci—where was I, Lucy? I forget.—O, I believe pretty near the mouth of the bay, embosomed in which lies the lovely cascade of which I am to give you a winter description, and which I only slightly mentioned when I gave you an account of the rivers by which it is supplied.

The road, about a mile before you reach this bay, is a regular glassy level, without any of those intervening hills of ice which I have mentioned; hills, which with the ideas, though false ones, of danger and difficulty, give those of beauty and magnificence too.

MOVOL. II.

As you gradually approach the bay, you are struck with an awe, which increases every moment, as you come nearer, from the grandeur of a scene, which is one of the noblest works of nature: the beauty, the proportion, the solemnity, the wild magnificence of which, surpassing every possible effect of art, impress one strongly with the idea of its Divine Almighty Architect.

The rock on the east fide, which is first in view as you approach, is a smooth and almost perpendicular precipice, of the same height as the fall; the top, which a little over-hangs, is beautifully covered with pines, firs, and ever-greens of various kinds, whose verdant lustre is rendered at this season more shining and lovely by the surrounding snow, as well as by that which is sprinkled irregularly on their branches, and glitters half melted in the sun-beams: a thousand smaller shrubs are scattered on the side of the ascent, and, having their

#### EMILY MONTAGUE. 75

roots in almost imperceptible clests of the rock, seem to those below to grow in air.

The west side is equally losty, but more sloping, which, from that circumstance, affords soil all the way, upon shelving inequalities of the rock, at little distances, for the growth of trees and shrubs, by which it is almost entirely hid.

· Weller

The most pleasing view of this miracle of nature is certainly in summer, and in the early part of it, when every tree is in soliage and sull verdure, every shrub in slower; and when the river, swelled with a waste of waters from the mountains from which it derives its source, pours down in a tumultuous torrent, that equally charms and astonishes the beholder.

The winter scene has, notwithstanding, its beauties, though of a different kind, more resembling the stillness and inactivity of the scason.

E 2

The river being on its sides bound up in frost, and its channel rendered narrower than in the summer, affords a less body of water to supply the cascade; and the fall, though very steep, yet not being exactly perpendicular, masses of ice are formed, on different shelving projections of the rock, in a great variety of forms and proportions.

The torrent, which before rushed with such impetuosity down the deep descent in one vast sheet of water, now descends in some parts with a slow and majestic pace; in others seems almost suspended in mid air; and in others, bursting through the obstacles which interrupt its course, pours down with redoubled fury into the soaming bason below, from whence a spray arises, which, freezing in its ascent, becomes on each side a wide and irregular frozen breast-work; and in front, the spray being there much greater, a losty and magnificent pyramid of solid ice.

I have

I have not told you half the grandeur, half the beauty, half the lovely wildness of this scene: if you would know what it is, you must take no information but that of your own eyes, which I pronounce strangers to the loveliest work of creation till they have seen the river and fall of Montmorenci.

In short, my dear, I am Montmorencimad.

I can hardly descend to tell you, we passed the ice from thence to Orleans, and dined out of doors on fix feet of snow, in the charming enlivening warmth of the sun, though in the month of February, at a time when you in England scarce feel his beams.

Fitzgerald made violent love to me all the way, and I never felt myself listen with such complacency.

E 3

Adieu!

The river being on its fides bound up in frost, and its channel rendered narrower than in the summer, affords a less body of water to supply the cascade; and the fall, though very steep, yet not being exactly perpendicular, masses of ice are formed, on different shelving projections of the rock, in a great variety of forms and proportions.

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Adieu!

Adieu! I have wrote two immense letters. Write oftener; you are lazy, yet expect me to be an absolute slave in the scribbling way.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

Do you know your brother has admirable ideas? He contrived to lofe his way on our return, and kept Emily ten minutes behind the rest of the company. I am apt to fancy there was something like a declaration, for she blushed,

"Celestial rofy red,
when he led her into the dining-room at
Silleri.

we may it is a suff that the first time with

nde Charlet a fat indicted beautif

Once more, adieu!

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#### LETTER LXXXII.

e who elected that there is to the

To Mis Rivers, Clarges-Street. secure, your time Bell thank press took

warn take and the man was also March I.

WAS mistaken, my dear; not a word of love between your brother and Emily, as the politively affures me; fomething very tender has passed, I am convinced, notwithstanding, for she blushes more than ever when he approaches, and there is a certain foftness in his voice when he addresses her, which cannot escape a person of my penetration.

themer Mili Roymond before he flw her-Do you know, my dear Lucy, that there is a little impertinent girl here, a Mademoiselle Clairaut, who, on the meer merit of features and complexion, fets up for being as handsome as Emily and me?

till he was bee hulband, never found over If beauty, as I will take the liberty to affert, is given us for the purpose of pleas-I have,

E 4

ing, she who pleases most, that is to say, she who excites the most passion, is to all intents and purposes the most beautiful woman; and, in this case, I am inclined to believe your little Bell stands pretty high on the roll of beauty; the mens' eyes may perhaps say she is handsome, but their bearts feel that I am so.

There is, in general, nothing so insipid, so uninteresting, as a beauty; which those men experience to their cost, who chuse from vanity, not inclination. I remember from vanity, not with my father, who determined to marry Miss Raymond before he saw her, merely because he had been told she was a celebrated beauty, though she was never known to have inspired a real passion: he saw her, not with his own eyes, but those of the public, took her charms on trust; and, till he was her husband, never found out she was not his taste; a secret, however, of some little importance to his happiness.

I have,

I have, however, known some beauties who had a right to please; that is, who had a mixture of that invisible charm, that nameless grace which by no means depends on beauty, and which strikes the heart in a moment; but my first aversion is your fine women: don't you think a fine woman a detestable creature, Lucy? I do: they are vastly well to fill public places; but as to the heart—Heavens, my dear! yet there are men, I suppose, to be sound, who have a taste for the great sublime in beauty.

Men are vastly foolish, my dear; very few of them have spirit to think for them-felves; there are a thousand Sir Charles. Herberts: I have seen some of them weak enough to decline marrying the woman on earth most pleasing to themselves, because not thought handsome by the generality of their companions.

E 5

Women

Women are above this folly, and therefore chuse much oftener from affection than
men. We are a thousand times wifer,
Lucy, than these important beings, these
mighty lords,

Who strut and fret their hour upon

vertir well to all nuo

and, instead of playing the part in life which nature dictates to their reason and their hearts, act a borrowed one at the will of others.

I had rather even judge ill, than not judge for myfelf.

Adieu! yours ever,

A. FERMOR.

in love I adom this charming yourse

## bet I will not fuller my toutement for her

. Station in I can by my prefint plan,

To Mis Rivers, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 4.

A FTER debating with myself some days, I am determined to pursue Emily; but, before Imakea declaration, will go to see some ungranted lands at the back of Madame Des Roches's estate; which, lying on a very sine river, and so near the St. Lawrence, may, I think, be cultivated at less expence than those above Lake Champlain, tho' in a much inférior climate; if I make my settlement here, I will purchase the estate Madame Des Roches has to sell, which will open me a road to the river St. Lawrence, and consequently treble the value of my lands.

I love, I adore this charming woman; but I will not fuffer my tenderness for her to make her unhappy, or to lower her station in life: if I can, by my present plan, secure her what will in this country be a degree of affluence, I will endeavor to change her friendship for me into a tenderer and more lively affection; if she loves, I know by my own heart, that Canada will be no longer a place of exile; if I have stattered myself, and she has only a friendship for me, I will return immediately to. England, and retire with you and my mother to our little estate in the country.

You will perhaps fay, why not make Emily of our party? I am almost ashamed to speak plain; but so weak are we, and so guided by the prejudices we fancy we despise, that I cannot bear my Emily, after resusing a coach and six, should live without an equipage suitable at least to her birth, and

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 85

and the manner in which the has always lived when in England.

I know this is folly, that it is a despicable pride; but it is a folly, a pride, I cannot conquer.

deer of their conflict Removals.

There are moments when I am above all this childish prejudice, but it returns upon me in spite of myself.

Will you come to us, my Lucy? Tell my mother, I will build her a ruftic palace, and settle a little principality on you both.

I make this a private excursion, because I don't chuse any body should even guess. at my views. I shall set out in the evening, and make a circuit to cross the river above the town.

I shall not even take leave at Silleri, as
I propose being back in four days, and
I know

obsides a finish bak medigan was willed

I know your friend Bell will be inquisitive. about my journey. I had been notive their Adieu!

L know the fatolity, that he has despite

Your affectionate would abine

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ED. RIVERS.

#### LETTER LXXXIV.

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To Mifs RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, March 6. desire and as little of the attender of the others

7 OUR brother is gone nobody knows. whither, and without calling upon. us before he set off; we are piqued, I affure you, my dear, and with some little reason. Had to one a debut of the I

timpole being buck in four days and

wondl

have discovered all the beginning with

total and the discount of the work near

Four o'clock.

Very strange news, Lucy; they say. Colonel Rivers is gone to marry Madame. Des Roches, a lady at whose house he was some time in autumn; if this is true, I for-swear the whole sex: his manner of stealing off is certainly very odd; and she is rich and agreeable; but, if he does not love Emily, he has been excessively cruel in shewing an attention which has deceived her into a passion for him. I cannot believe it possible: not that he has ever told her he loved her; but a man of honor will not tell an untruth even with his eyes, and his have spoke a very unequivocal language.

I never faw any thing like her confusion, when she was told he was gone to visit Madame Des Roches; but, when it was hinted with what design, I was obliged to take her out of the room, or she would have

Coner news. Laces there

have discovered all the fondness of her foul. I really thought she would have fainted as I led her out.

Eight o'clock.

I have fent away all the men, and drank tea in Emily's apartment; she has scarce spoke to me; I am miserable for her; she has a paleness which alarms me, the tears steal every moment into her lovely eyes. Can Rivers act so unworthy a part? her tenderness cannot have been unobserved by him; it was too visible to every body.

9th, Ten o'clock.

all many many

Not a line from your brother yet; only a confirmation of his being with Madame Des Roches, having been seen there by some Canadians who are come up this morning: I am not quite pleased, though I do

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 89

I do not believe the report; he might have told us furely where he was going.

I pity Emily beyond words; she says nothing, but there is a dumb eloquence in her countenance which is not to be described.

the report, and that this is when thereis

wine of alexantent when the mentioned his

I have been an hour alone with the dear little girl, who has, from a hint I dropt on purpose, taken courage to speak to me on this very interesting subject; she says, "she shall be most unhappy if this report is true, though without the least right to complain of Colonel Rivers, who never even hinted a word of any affection for her more tender than friendship; that if her vanity, her self-love, or her tenderness, have deceived her, she ought only to blame hersels." She added, "that she wished him to marry Madame Des Roches,

feduce

picy Emily beyond words; the fars

I beg your pardon, my dear, but my efteem for your brother is greatly lessened; I cannot help searing there is something in the report, and that this is what Mrs. Melmoth meant when she mentioned his having an attachment.

I shall begin to hate the whole sex, Lucy, if I find your brother unworthy, and shall give Fitzgerald his dismission immediately.

" I have been an hour alone with the dear

I am afraid Mrs. Melmoth knows men better than we foolish girls do: she said, he attached himself to Emily meerly from vanity, and I begin to believe she was right: how cruel is this conduct! The man who from vanity, or perhaps only to amuse an idle hour, can appear to be attached where he is not, and by that means seduce.

feduce the heart of a deserving woman, or indeed of any woman, falls in my opinion very little short in baseness of him who practises a greater degree of seduction.

What right has he to make the most amiable of women wretched? a woman who would have deserved him had he been monarch of the universal world! I might add, who has sacrificed ease and affluence to her tenderness for him.

You will excuse my warmth on such an occasion; however, as it may give you pain, I will say no more.

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Adieu!

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Your faithful

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Shipted and the regard with a trial of Configura-

ad Line unim discussion A. Fermor.

## LETTER LXXXV.

To Miss Rivers, Clarges-Street.

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Kamarafkas, March 12-

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THAVE met with fomething, my dear Lucy, which has given me infinite uneafiness; MadameDesRoches, from my extreme zeal to serve her in an affair wherein she has been hardly used, from my second visit, and a certain involuntary attention, and foftness of manner I have to all women, has supposed me in love with her, and with a frankness I cannot but admire, and a delicacy not tobe described, has let me know I am far from being indifferent to her.

I was at first extremely embarrassed; but when I had reflected a moment, I confidered that the ladies, though another may be the object, always regard with a kind of compla-

cency

cency a man who loves, as one who acknowledges the power of the fex, whereas an indifferent is a kind of rebel to their empire; I considered also that the confession of a prior inclination faves the most delicate vanity from being wounded; and therefore determined to make her the confidante of my tenderness for Emily; leaving her an opening to suppose that, if my heart had been difengaged, it could not have escaped her attractions.

I did this with all possible precaution, and with every foftening friendship that politeness could suggest; she was shocked at my confession, but soon recovered herself enough to tell me she was highly flattered by this proof of my confidence and efteem; that she believed me a man to have only the more respect for a woman who by owning her partiality had told me she considered me not only as the most amiable, but the most noble of my fex; that she had heard, no love was so tender as that which was the child of friendship; but that of this she was convinced, that no friendship was so tender as that which was the child of love; that she offered me this tender, this lively friendship, and would for the future find her happiness in the consideration of mine.

Do you know, my dear, that, fince this confession, I feel a kind of tenderness for her, to which I cannot give a name? It is not love; for I love, I idolize another: but it is softer and more pleasing, as well as more animated, than friendship.

You cannot conceive what pleasure I find in her conversation; she has an admirable understanding, a feeling heart, and a mixture of softness and spirit in her manner, which is peculiarly pleasing to men. My Emily will love her; I must bring them acquainted: she promises to come to Quebec

Quebec in May; I shall be happy to shew her every attention when there.

I have seen the lands, and am pleased with them: I believe this will be my residence, if Emily, as I cannot avoid hoping, will make me happy; I shall declare myself as soon as I return, but must continue here a sew days longer: I shall not be less pleased with this situation for its being so near Madame Des Roches, in whom Emily will find a friend worthy of her esteem, and an entertaining lively companion.

Adieu, my dear Lucy! Chatte

he ought only or biame, rie

- relation and Your affectionate

-di and double greet nwo to to the Rivers.

I have fixed on the loveliest spot on earth, on which to build a house for my mother: do I not expect too much in fancying she will follow me hither?

Goods of Sand Anger I had be seemed to dead

#### LETTER LXXXVI.

Her every second or which the

na should be makeyed!

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, March 13.

OTILL with Madame Des Roches; ap-D pearances are rather against him, you must own, Lucy: but I will not say all I think to you. Poor Emily! we difpute continually, for the will perfift in defending his conduct; fhe fays, he has a right to marry whoever he pleases; that her loving him is no tie upon his honor, especially as he does not even know of this preference; that she ought only to blame the weakness of her own heart, which has betrayed her into a false belief that their tenderness was mutual: this is pretty talking, but he has done every thing to convince her of his feeling the strongest passion for her, except making a formal declaration.

TEI

## EMILY MONTAGUE. 97

She talks of returning to England the moment the river is open: indeed, if your brother marries, it is the only step lest her to take. I almost wish now she had married Sir George: she would have had all the douceurs of marriage; and as to love, I begin to think men incapable of feeling it: some of them can indeed talk well on the subject; but self-interest and vanity are the real passions of their souls. I detest the whole sex.

Adieul

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A. FERMOR,

VOL. II.

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#### LETTER LXXXVII.

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To the Earl of ---.

Silleri, March 13.

My Lord,

his mide GENERALI.Y distrust my own opinion when it differs from your Lordship's; but in this instance I am most certainly in the right: allow me to fay, nothing can be more ill-judged than your Lordship's design of retiring into a small circle, from that world of which you have fo long been one of the most brilliant ornaments. What you fay of the difagreeableness of age, is by no means applicable to your Lordship; nothing is in this respect fo fallible as the parish register. Why should any man retire from society whilst he is capable of contributing to the pleafures of it? Wit, vivacity, good-nature, and politeness, give an eternal youth, as stupidity and and moroseness a premature old age. Without a thousandth part of your Lordship's thining qualities, I think myfelf much younger than half the boys about me, merely because I have more good-nature, and a stronger defire of pleasing.

My daughter is much honored by your Lordship's enquiries: The is Bell Fermor still; but is addressed by a gentleman who is extremely agreeable to me, and I believe not less fo to her; I however know too well the free spirit of woman, of which she has her full share, to let Bell know I approve her choice; I am even in doubt whether it would not be good policy to feem to diflike the match, in order to fecure her confent: there is fomething very pleafing to a young girl, in opposing the will of her father.

To speak truth, I am a little out of humor . with her at prefent, for having contributed, and I believe entirely from a spirit of op-F 2 polition encou

position to me, to break a match on which I had extremely set my heart; the lady was the daughter of my particular friend, and one of the most lovely and deserving women I ever knew: the gentleman very worthy, with an agreeable, indeed a very handsome person, and a fortune which with those who know the world, would have compensated for the want of most other advantages.

The fair lady, after an engagement of two years, took a whim that there was no happiness in marriage without being madly in love, and that her passion was not sufficiently romantic; in which piece of solly my rebel encouraged her, and the affair broke off in a manner which has brought on her the imputation of having given way to an idle prepossession in favor of another.

Your Lordship will excuse my talking on a subject very near my heart, though uninteresting to you; I have too often experienced

#### EMILY MONTAGUE. 101

rienced your Lordship's indulgence to doubt it on this occasion: your good-natured philosophy will tell you, much sewer people talk or write to amuse or inform their friends, than to give way to the seelings of their own hearts, or indulge the governing passion of the moment.

In my next, I will endeavor, in the best manner I can, to obey your Lordship's commands in regard to the political and religious state of Canada: I will make a point of getting the best information possible; what I have yet seen, has been only the surface.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

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#### LETTER LXXXVIII.

rienced your Lord fire's in it is such broken

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, March 16, Monday.

Your brother is come back; and has been here: he came after dinner yesterday. My Emily is more than woman; I am proud of her behaviour: he entered with his usual impatient air; she received him with a dignity which astonished me, and disconcerted him; there was a cool dispassionate indifference in her whole manner, which I saw cut his vanity to the quick, and for which he was by no means prepared.

On fuch an occasion I should have slirted violently with some other man, and have shewed plainly I was piqued: she judged much better; I have only to wish it may last. He is the veriest coquet in nature, for, after all, I am convinced he loves Emily.

## EMILY MONTAGUE, 103

He stayed a very little time, and has not. been here this morning; he may pout if he pleases, but I flatter myself we shall hold out the longest.

#### Nine o'clock.

He came to dine; we kept up our state all dinner time; he begged a moment's conversation, which we refused, but with a timid air that makes me begin to sear we shall beat a parley: he is this moment gone, and Emily retired to her apartment on pretence of indisposition: I am asraid she is a foolish girl.

#### Half hour after fix.

the later of the second section

It will not do, Lucy: I found her in tears at the window, following Rivers's carriole with her eyes: she turned to me with such a look—in short, my dear,

"The weak, the fond, the fool, the coward woman"

has prevailed over all her resolution: her love is only the more violent for having been a moment restrained; she is not equal to the task she has undertaken; her resentment was conceased tenderness, and has retaken its first form.

I am forry to find there is not one wife woman in the world but myfelf.

Paft ten.

I have been with her again: she seemed a little calmer; I commended her spirit; she disavowed it; was peevish with me, angry with herself; said she had acted in a manner unworthy her character; accused herself of caprice, artisice, and cruelty; said she ought to have seen him, if not alone, yet with me only: that it was natural he should be surprized at a reception so inconsistent

fistent with true friendship, and therefore that he should wish an explanation; that ber Rivers (and why not Madame Des Roches's Rivers?) was incapable of acting otherwise than as became the best and most tender of mankind, and that therefore she ought not to have suffered a whisper injurious to his honor: that I had meant well, but had, by depriving her of Rivers's friendship, which she had lost by her haughty behaviour, destroyed all the happiness of her life.

To be fure, your poor Bell is always to blame: but if ever I intermeddle between lovers again, Lucy—

I am fure the was ten times more angry with him than I was, but this it is to be too warm in the interest of our friends.

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Adieu! till to-morrow.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

l'an

I can only say, that if Fitzgerald had visited a handsome rich French widow, and staid with her ten days tête à tête in the country, without my permission—

O Heavens! here is mon cher pere: I must hide my letter.

Bon foir.

#### LETTER LXXXIX.

To Miss RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 6.

I CANNOT account, my dear, for what has happened to me. I left Madame Des Roches's full of the warm impatience of love, and flew to my Emily at Silleri: I was received with a difdainful coldness which I did not think had been in her nature, and which has shocked me beyond all expression.

I went

I went again to-day, and met with the fame reception; I even faw my presence was painful to her, therefore shortened my visit, and, if I have resolution to persevere, will not go again till invited by Captain Fermor in form.

I could bear any thing but to lose her affection; my whole heart was set upon her:

I had every reason to believe myself dear to her. Can caprice find a place in that bosom which is the abode of every virtue?

I must have been missippresented to her, or surely this could not have happened: I will wait to-morrow, and if I hear nothing will write to her, and ask an explanation by letter; she refused me a verbal one to-day, though I begged to speak with her only for a moment.

Tuefday.

I have been asked on a little riding party, and, as I cannot go to Silleri, have accepted it: it will amuse my present anxiety.

I am to drive Mademoiselle Clairaut, a very pretty French lady: this is however of no consequence, for my eyes see nothing lovely but Emily.

Adieu !

Your affectionate

Eo. RIVERS.

# LETTER XC.

To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, Wednesday morning.

POOR Emily is to meet with perpetual mortification: we have been carrioling with Fitzgerald and my father; and, coming back, met your brother driving Made moiselle Clairaut: Emily trembled, turned pale, and scarce returned Rivers's bow; I never saw a poor little girl so in love; she is amazingly altered within the last fortnight.

Two o'clack.

A letter from Mrs. Melmoth: I fend you a copy of it with this.

Adieu !

Yours,

A. FERMOR. LET-

# LETTER XCI.

To Mis Montague, at Silleri.

Montreal, March 19.

If you are not absolutely resolved on destruction, my dear Emily, it is yet in your power to retrieve the salse step you have made.

Sir George, whose good-nature is in this instance almost without example, has been prevailed on by Mr. Melmoth to consent I should write to you before he leaves Montreal, and again offer you his hand, though rejected in a manner so very mortifying both to vanity and love.

He gives you a fortnight to consider his offer, at the end of which if you refuse him he sets out for England over the lakes.

Be affured, the man for whom it is too plain you have acted this imprudent part, is so far from returning your affection, that he is at this moment addressing another; I mean Madame Des Roches, a near relation of whose assured me that there was an attachment between them: indeed it is impossible he could have thought of a woman whose fortune is as small as his own. Men, Miss Montague, are not the romantic beings you seem to suppose them; you will not find many Sir George Claytons.

I beg as early an answer as is consistent with the attention so important a proposal requires, as a compliment to a passion so generous and disinterested as that of Sir George. I am, my dear Emily,

not to feet, to those a least out of the mile

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Your affectionate friend,

E. MELMOTH.

#### LETTER XCII.

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To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, March 19.

T A M forry, my dear Madam, you should know fo little of my heart, as to suppose it possible I could have broke my engagements with Sir George from any motive but the full conviction of my wanting that tender affection for him, and that lively tafte for his conversation, which alone could have enfured either his felicity or my own; happy is it for both that I discovered this before it was too late: it was a very unpleafing circumstance, even under an intention only of marrying him, to find my friendship stronger for another; what then would it have been under the most facred of all engagements, that of marriage? What wretch-

wretchedness would have been the portion of both, had timidity, decorum, or false honor, carried me, with this partiality in my heart, to fulfil those views, entered into from compliance to my family, and continued from a false idea of propriety, and weak fear of the censures of the world?

The fame reason therefore still subsisting, nay being every moment stronger, from a subside fuller conviction of the merit of him my heart prefers, in spite of me, to Sir George, our union is more impossible than ever:

I am however obliged to you, and Major Melmoth, for your zeal to serve me, though you must permit me to call it a mistaken one; and to Sir George, for a concession which I own I should not have made in his situation, and which I can only suppose the effect of Major Melmoth's persuasions, which he might suppose were known to me, and an imagination that my sentiments

for

for him were changed: affure him of my efteem, though love is not in my power.

mi washing and mer took burney marke in

As Colonel Rivers never gave me the remotest reason to suppose him more than my friend, I have not the least right to disapprove his marrying: on the contrary, as his friend, I ought to wish a connexion which I am told is greatly to his advantage.

To prevent all future importunity, painful to me, and all circumstances considered, degrading to Sir George, whose honor is very dear to me, though I am obliged to refuse him that hand which he surely cannot wish to receive without my heart, I am compelled to say, that, without an idea of ever being united to Colonel Rivers, I will never marry any other man.

Were I never again to behold him, were he even the husband of another, my tenderness.

dangling to the straint and the state

ness, a tenderness as innocent as it is lively, would never cease: nor would I give up the refined delight of loving him, independently of any hope of being beloved, for any advantage in the power of fortune to bestow.

These being my sentiments, sentiments which no time can alter, they cannot be too soon known to Sir George: I would not one hour keep him in suspence in a point, which this step seems to say is of consequence to his happiness.

Tell him, I entreat him to forget me, and to come into views which will make his mother, and I have no doubt himself, happier than a marriage with a woman whose chief merit is that very sincerity of heart which obliges her to resuse him.

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I am, Madam, and out balasho

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i alooi sidi Your affectionate, &c. I

EMILY MONTAGUE.

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# LETTER XCIII.

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To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

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Silleri, Thursday,

YOUR brother dines here to-day, by my father's invitation; I am afraid it will be but an awkward party.

Emily is at this moment an exceeding fine model for a statue of tender melancholy.

Her anger is gone; not a trace remaining; tis forrow, but the most beautiful forrow I ever beheld: she is all grief for having offended the dear man.

I am out of patience with this look; it is so flattering to him, I could beat her for

it: I cannot bear his vanity should be fo gratified.

I wanted her to treat him with a faucy, unconcerned, flippant air; but her whole appearance is gentle, tender, I had almost faid, supplicating: I am ashamed of the folly of my own fex: O, that I could to-day inspire her with a little of my spirit! the is a poor tame household dove, and there is no making any thing of her.

Eleven o'clock.

" For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is " at eafe."

What fools women are, Lucy! He took her hand, expressed concern for her health, foftened the tone of his voice, looked a few civil things with those expressive lying eyes A DUT CHEN

of his, and without one word of explanation all was forgot in a moment.

Good night! Yours,

changila me l'againstique d'all d'an

A. FERMOR.

Heavens! the fellow is here, has followed me to my dreffing-room; was ever any thing so confident? These modest men have ten times the assurance of your impudent sellows. I believe absolutely he is going to make love to me: 'tis a critical hour, Lucy; and to rob one's friend of a lover is really a temptation.

Twelve o'clock.

The dear man is gone, and has made all up: he infifted on my explaining the reasons of the cold reception he had met with; which you know was impossible, without

What fools wernen are, Little

## EMILY MONTAGUE. TIO

without betraying the secret of poor Emily's little foolish heart.

I however contrived to let him know we were a little piqued at his going without seeing us, and that we were something inclined to be jealous of his friendship for Madame Des Roches.

He made a pretty decent defence; and, though I don't absolutely acquit him of coquetry, yet upon the whole I think I forgive him.

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He loves Emily, which is a great merit with me: I am only forry they are two such poor devils, it is next to impossible they should ever come together.

I think I am not angry now; as to Emily, her eyes dance with pleasure; she has not the same countenance as in the morning; this

bould have happened at 1 will not level awar

this love is the finest cosmetick in the world.

After all, he is a charming fellow, and has eyes, Lucy—Heaven be praifed, he never pointed their fire at me!

Adieu! I will try to fleep.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

## LETTER XCIV.

To Mis RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Quebec, March 20.

THE coldness of which I complained, my dear Lucy, in regard to Emily, was the most flattering circumstance which could have happened: I will not say it was the

the effect of jealousy, but it certainly was of a delicacy of affection which extremely resembles it.

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ing I

Never did she appear so lovely as yester-day; never did she display such variety of lovelines: there was a something in her look, when I first addressed her on entering the room, touching beyond all words, a certain inexpressible melting languor, a dying softness, which it was not in man to see unmoved: what then must a lover have selt?

I had the pleasure, after having been in the room a sew moments, to see this charming languor change to a joy which animated her whole form, and of which I was so happy as to believe myself the cause: my eyes had told her all that passed in my heart; hers had shewed me plainly they understood their language. We were standing at a window at some little distance from the Vol. II.

rest of the company, when I took an opportunity of hinting my concern at having, though without knowing it, offended her to she blushed, she looked down, she again raised her lovely eyes, they met mine, she sighed; I took her hand, she withdrew it, but not in anger; a smile, like that of the poet's Hebe, told me I was forgiven.

There is no describing what then passed in my soul! with what disticulty did I restrain my transports I never before did I really know love: what I had hitherto selt even for her, was cold to that enchanting, that impassioned moment.

She is a thousand times dearer to me than life: my Lucy, I cannot live without her.

I contrived, before I lest Silleri, to speak to Bell Fermor on the subject of Emily's reception of me; she did not fully explain herself, but she convinced me hatred had no part in her resentment.

I am going again this afternoon: every hour not passed with her is lost.

I will feek a favorable occasion of telling her the whole happiness of my life depends on her tenderness.

Before I write again, my fate will possibly be determined: with every reason to hope, the timidity inseparable from love makes me dread a full explanation of my sentiments: if her native softness should have deceived me—but I will not study to be unhappy.

Adieu!

n

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Your affectionate

and Wheel free Trees Triby

to the real for the Blank speak Time;

"Do not only giare, but da."

I what shall not nest an

ED. RIVERS

with a second of the Art &

## LETTER XCV.

To Mils RIVERS, Clarges-Street.

Silleri, March 20.

I HAVE been telling Fitzgerald I am jealous of his prodigious attention to Emily, whose cecisbeo he has been the last ten days: the simpleton took me seriously, and began to vindicate himself, by explaining the nature of his regard for her, pleading her late indisposition as an excuse for shewing her some extraordinary civilities.

I let him harangue ten minutes, then ftopt him short, put on my poetical face, and repeated,

- w When fweet Emily complains,
- er I have fense of all her pains;
- a But for little Bella, I
- " Do not only grieve, but die."

He smiled, kissed my hand, praised my amazing penetration, and was going to take this opportunity of saying a thousand civil things, when my divine Rivers appeared on the side of the hill; I slew to meet him, and lest my love to finish the conversation alone.

Twelve o'clock.

I am the happiest of all possible women; Fitzgerald is in the fullens about your brother; surely there is no pleasure in nature equal to that of plaguing a sellow who really loves one, especially if he has as much merit as Fitzgerald, for otherwise he would not be worth tormenting. He had better not pout with me: I believe I know who will be tired first.

Eight in the evening.

I have passed a most delicious day: Fitzgerald took it into his wise head to endea-G 3 vor

French woman, the wife of a Croix de St. Louis, who I know he despises; I then thought myself at full liberty to play off all my airs, which I did with ineffable success, and have sent him home in a humor to hang himself. Your brother stays the evening, so does a very handsome fellow I have been slirting with all the day: Fitz was engaged here too, but I told him it was impossible for him not to attend Madame La Brosse to Quebec; he looked at me with a spite in his countenance which charmed me to the soul, and handed the sair lady to his carriole.

I'll teach him to coquet, Lucy; let him take his Madame La Brosse: indeed, as her husband is at Montreal, I don't see how he can avoid pursuing his conquest: I am delighted, because I know she is his aver-sion.

in And Dania

Emily calls me to cards. Adieu! my dear little Lucy of their not been their

Yours

A. FERMOR.

SAME STANK

## LETTER XCVI.

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to the lord of woman accure ever former!

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Ass areas

and the contract of the same

Pall-Mall, January 3.

THAVE but a moment, my dear Ned, to tell you, that without fo much as asking your leave, and in spite of all your wife admonitions, your lovely lifter has this morning confented to make me the happiest of mankind: to-morrow gives me all that is excellent and charming in woman.

You are to look on my writing this letter as the strongest proof I ever did, or G4 Tennie: ever

T A M should you know very little of the

ever can give you of my friendship. I must love you with no common affection to remember at this moment that there is such a man in being: perhaps you owe this recollection only to your being brother to the loveliest woman nature ever formed; whose charms in a month have done more towards my conversion than seven years of your preaching would have done. I am going back to Clarges-Street. Adieu!

Yours, &c.

JOHN TEMPLE.

#### LETTER XCVIL

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Clarges-Street, January 3.

I AM afraid you knew very little of the fex, my dear brother, when you cautioned me fo ftrongly against loving Mr.

Temple:

Temple: I should perhaps, with all his merit, have never thought of him but for that caution.

There is something very interesting to semale curiosity in the idea of these very sormidable men, whom no woman can see without danger; we gaze on the terrible creature at a distance, see nothing in him so very alarming; he approaches, our little hearts palpitate with sear, he is gentle, attentive, respectful; we are surprised at this respect, we are sure the world wrongs the dear civil creature; he flatters, we are pleased with his flattery; our little hearts still palpitate—but not with sear.

In short, my dear brother, if you wish to serve a friend with us, describe him as the most dangerous of his sex; the very idea that he is so, makes us think resistance vain, and we throw down our desensive arms in absolute despair.

1 am

I am not fure this is the reason of my discovering Mr. Temple to be the most amiable of men; but of this I am certain, that I love him with the most lively affection, and that I am convinced, notwithstanding all you have said, that he deserves all my tenderness.

Indeed, my dear prudent brother, you men fancy yourselves extremely wise and penetrating, but you don't know each other half so well as we know you: I shall make Temple in a sew weeks as tame a domestic animal as you can possibly be, even with your Emily.

I hope you won't be very angry with me for accepting an agreeable fellow, and a coach and fix: if you are, I can only fay, that finding the dear man steal every day upon my heart, and recollecting how very dangerous a creature he was,

"I held it both fafest and best
"To marry for fear you should chide."

Adieu!

Your affectionate, &c.

LUCY RIVERS.

Please to observe, mamma was on Mr. Temple's side, and that I only take him from obedience to her commands. He has behaved like an angel to her; but I leave himself to explain how; she has promised to live with us. We are going a party to Richmond, and only wait for Mr. Temple.

With all my pertness. I tremble at the idea that to-morrow will determine the happiness or misery of my life.

ment ever knew, but the has meries of a reading and reading dispression of the has meries of a her heart are equally lovely: the has also a featibility which exceedingly alarms me for her, if I know it is first to impossible that

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#### LETTER XCVIII.

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Postarios fenerales facult side

To JOHN TEMPLE, Efq; Pall-Mall.

Quebec, March 21.

WERE I convinced of your converfion, my dear Jack, I should be the happiest man breathing in the thought of your marrying my fifter; but I tremble lest this resolution should be the effect of passion merely, and not of that settled esteem and tender considence without which mutual repentance will be the necessary consequence of your connexion.

Lucy is one of the most beautiful women I ever knew, but she has merits of a much superior kind; her understanding and her heart are equally lovely: she has also a sensibility which exceedingly alarms me for her, as I know it is next to impossible that

LT H.J

even her charms can fix a heart fo long accustomed to change.

Do I not guess too truly, my dear Temple, when I suppose the charming mistress is the only object you have in view; and that the tender amiable friend, the pleasing companion, the faithful considente, is sorgot?

I will not however anticipate evils: if any merit has power to fix you, Lucy's cannot fail of doing it.

I expect with impatience a further account of an event in which my happiness is so extremely interested.

If she is yours, may you know her value, and you cannot fail of being happy: I only fear from your long habit of improper attachments; naturally, I know not a heart filled with nobler sentiments than yours,

nor is there on earth a man for whom I have equal efteem. Adieu lands or bemodies.

Do I netenditalle wer my dear Tere-

ple, when I suppose the charactery millers.

## LETTER XCIX.

due the reader amuable fivend, the pleafore

To JOHN TEMPLE, Elq. Pall-Mall.

Quebec, March 23.

I HAVE received your fecond letter, iny dear Temple, with the account of your marriage.

Nothing could make me so happy as an event which unites a lister Didolize to the friend on earth most dear to me, did I not tremble for your future happiness, from my persect knowledge of bother day bolling

I know the fensibility of Lucy's temper, and that she loves you: I know also the difficulty of weaning the heart from such a habit of inconstancy as you have unhappily acquired.

Virtues like Lucy's will for ever command your efteem and friendship; but in marriage it is equally necessary to keep love alive: her beauty, her gaiety, her delicacy, will do much; but it is also necessary, my dearest Temple, that you keep a guard on your heart, accustomed to liberty, to give way to every light impression.

I need not tell you, who have experienced the truth of what I fay, that happiness is not to be found in a life of intrigue, there is no real pleasure in the possession of beauty without the heart; with it, the sears, the anxieties, a man not absolutely destitute of humanity must feel for the honor of her

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who ventures more than life for him, must extremely counterbalance his transports.

their fundered romages. In relevants

Of all the lituations this world affords, a marriage of choice gives the fairest prospect of happiness; without love, life would be a tasteless void: an unconnected human being is the most wretched of all creatures: by love I would be understood to mean that tender lively friendship, that mixed sensation, which the libertine never selt; and with which I statter myself my amiable sister cannot sail of inspiring a heart naturally virtuous, however at present warped by a soolish compliance with the world,

I hope, my dear Temple, to see you recover your taste for those pleasures peculiarly sitted to our natures; to see you enjoy the pure delights of peaceful domestic life, the calm social evening hour, the circle of friends, the prattling offspring, and the tender impassioned smile of real love.

sheeps that of a land that a hear t

Your generofity is no more than I expected from your character; and to convince you of my perfect efteem, I so far accept it, as to draw out the money I have in the funds, which I intended for my fifter: it will make my settlement here turn to greater advantage, and I allow you the pleasure of convincing Lucy of the perfect disinterestedness of your affection: it would be a trifle to you, and will make me happy.

But I am more delicate in regard to my mother, and will never consent to resume the estate I have settled on her: I esteem you above all mankind, but will not let be be dependent even on you: I consent she visit you as often as she pleases, but insist on her continuing her house in town, and living in every respect as she has been accustomed.

a How a bid in a day of the

and tubbers in the first day

As to Lucy's own little fortune, as it is not worth your receiving, suppose she lays it out in jewels? I love to see beauty adorned; and two thousand pounds, added to what you have given her, will set her on a footing in this respect with a nabobess.

Your marriage, my dear Temple, removes the strongest objection to mine; the money I have in the funds, which, whilst Lucy was unmarried, I never would have taken, enables me to fix to great advantage here. I have now only to try whether Emily's friendship for me is sufficiently strong to give up all hopes of a return to England.

I shall make an immediate trial: you shall know the event in a few days. If she refuses me, I bid adieu to all my schemes, and embark in the first ship.

vitic you as often as the pleafes, but infife

Give

Give my kindest tenderest wishes to my mother and sister. My dear Temple, only know the value of the treasure you posses, and you must be happy. Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. Rivers.

# LETTER C.

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they appear on the face excunded the n

To the Earl of ---

Silleri, March 24

My Lord, a curry Last world named

your Lordship's observation; and I am the more pleased with it, as it coincides with what I had the honor of saying to you in my last, in regard to the impropriety, the cruelty, I had almost said the injustice,

of your intention of deferting that world of which you are at once the ornament and the example.

Good people, as your Lordship observes, are generally too retired and abstracted to let their example be of much service to the world: whereas the bad, on the contrary, are conspicuous to all; they stand forth, they appear on the fore ground of the picture, and force themselves into observation.

'Tis to that circumstance, I am persuaded, we may attribute that dangerous and too common mistake, that vice is natural to the human heart, and virtuous characters the creatures of fancy; a mistake of the most fatal tendency, as it tends to harden our hearts, and destroy that mutual considence so necessary to keep the bands of society from loosening, and without which man is the most ferocious of all beasts of prey.

Would

Would all those whose virtues like your Lordship's are adorned by politeness and knowledge of the world, mix more in society, we should soon see vice hide her head: would all the good appear in full view, they would, I am convinced, be found infinitely the majority.

Virtue is too lovely to be hid in cells, the world is her scene of action; she is soft, gentle, indulgent; let her appear then in her own form, and she must charm: let politeness be for ever her attendant, that politeness which can give graces even to vice itself, which makes superiority easy, removes the sense of inferiority, and adds to every one's enjoyment both of himself and others.

I am interrupted, and must postpone till to-morrow what I have further to say

to your Lordship. I have the honor to be, my Lord,

world all the ready appear in full views they

Your Lordhip's, &c.

W. FERMOR.

#### LETTER CI.

. Alde at the forme of allies : When is the

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, March 25.

Your brother, my dear Lucy, has made me happy in communicating to me the account he has received of your marriage. I know Temple; he is, belides being very handsome, a fine, sprightly, agreeable fellow, and is particularly formed to keep a woman's mind in that kind of play, that gentle agitation, which will for ever secure her affection.

He has in my opinion just as much coquetry as is necessary to prevent marriage from degenerating into that sleepy kind of existence, which to minds of the awakened turn of yours and mine would be insupportable.

to be a pretty enough ingredient in marriage.

In short, he is just such a man, upon the whole, as I should have chose for myfelf. I house a line of the state of the s

perhans Eve to take my revenge.

certainly gave him fome provocation,

Make my congratulations to the dearman, and tell him, if he is not the happieft man in the world, he will forfeit all his pretentions to tafte; and if he does not make you the happieft woman, he forfeits all title to my favor, as well as to the favor of the whole fex

r

with

I meant

I meant to fay fomething civil; but, to tell you the truth, I am not en train; I am excessively out of humor: Fitzgerald has not been here for several days, but spends his whole time in gallanting Madame La Brosse, a woman to whom he knows I have an aversion, and who has nothing but a to-lerable complexion and a modest assurance to recommend her.

I certainly gave him some provocation, but this is too much: however, 'tis very well; I don't think I shall break my heart, though my vanity is a little piqued. I may perhaps live to take my revenge.

I am hurt, because I began really to like the creature; a secret however to which he is happily a stranger. I shall see him to morrow at the governor's, and suppose he will be in his penitentials: I have some doubt whether I shall let him dance with

deiaem I

with me; yet it would look fo particular to refuse him, that I believe I shall do him the honor.

thing have not to I welf A. the impartment of both or first women; I could by for your

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

26th, Thursday, 11 at night.

No, Lucy, if I forgive him this, I have lost all the free spirit of woman; he had the insolence to dance with Madame La Brosse to-night at the governor's. I never will forgive him. There are men perhaps quite his equal!—but 'tis no matter—I do him too much honor to be piqued—yet on the footing we were—I could not have believed—

Vol. II.

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H

I was

I was so certain he would have danced with me, that I resused Golonel H—, one of the most agreeable men in the place, and therefore could not dance at all. Nothing hurt me so much as the impertinent looks of the women; I could cry for vexation.

Would your brother have behaved thus to Emily? but why do I name other men with your brother! do you know he and Emily had the good-nature to refuse to dance, that my fitting still might be the less taken notice of? We all played at cards, and Rivers contrived to be of my party, by which he would have won Emily's heart if he had not had it before.

Swell on his river

accommendation of the Good night.

#### LETTER CH.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Quebec, March 2.

I HAVE been twice at Silleri with the intention of declaring my passion, and explaining my situation, to Emily; but have been prevented by company, which made it impossible for me to find the opportunity I wished.

Had I found that opportunity, I am not fure I should have made use of it; a degree of timidity is inseparable from true tenderness; and I am-astraid of declaring myself a lover, lest, if not beloved, I should lose the happiness I at present possess in visiting her as her friend: I cannot give up the dear delight I find in seeing her, in hearing her voice, in tracing and admiring every sentiment of that lovely unaffected generous mind as it rises.

H 2

In

In short, my Lucy, I cannot live without her esteem and friendship; and though her eyes, her attention to me, her whole manner, encourage me in the hope of being beloved, yet the possibility of my being mistaken makes me dread an explanation by which I hazard losing the lively pleasure I find in her friendship.

This timidity however must be conquered; 'tis pardonable to feel it, but not to give way to it. I have ordered my carriole, and am determined to make my attack this very morning like a man of courage and a soldier.

Adieu!

int twinster but to be a faithful

rice, in traing and editions or my feattimet of charle year until and proposed

Your affectionate

tible and delivery tonne 1 : ED. RIVERS.

A letter from Bell Fermor, to whom I wrote this morning on the subject:

" To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Silleri, Friday morning.

"You are a foolish creature, and know "nothing of women. Dine at Silleri, and " we will air after dinner; 'tis a glorious "day, and if you are timid in a covered " carriole, I give you up.

" Adieu!

"Yours,

a Maria area were for used in cool of a

our lively are councilly aper, every though. every identification the fift moment 1 bd. it of the exploration of the court of the second of the se

" A, FERMOR."

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#### LETTER CIII.

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To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Quebec, March 27, 11 at night.

SHE is an angel, my dear Lucy, and no words can do her justice: I am the happiest of mankind; I painted my passion with all the moving eloquence of undissembled love; she heard me with the most statering attention; she said little, but her looks, her air, her tone of voice, her blushes, her very silence—how could I ever doubt her tenderness? have not those lovely eyes a thousand times betrayed the dear secret of her heart?

My Lucy, we were formed for each other; our fouls are of intelligence; every thought, every idea—from the first moment I beheld her—I have a thousand things to say, but the tumult of my joy—she has given me leave

leave to write to her; what has the not faid in that permission?

I cannot go to bed; I will go and walk an hour on the battery; 'tis the lovelieft night I ever beheld, even in Canada: the day is scarce brighter.

#### One in the morning.

I have had the sweetest walk imaginable: the moon shines with a splendor I never saw before; a thousand streaming meteors add to her brightness: I have stood gazing on the lovely planet, and delighting myself with the idea that 'tis the same moon that lights my Emily.

Good night, my Lucy! I love you beyond all expression; I always loved you tenderly, but there is a softness about my heart to-night—this lovely woman—

I know not what I would fay, but till this night I could never be faid to live.

Adieu! Your affectionate

ED, RIVERS.

## LETTER CIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mail.

Quebec, 28th March.

I HAD this morning a short billet from her dear hand, entreating me to make up a quarrel between Bell Fermor and her lover: your friend has been indiscreet; her spirit of coquetry is eternally carrying her wrong; but in my opinion Fitzgerald has been at least equally to blame.

His behaviour at the governor's on Thursday night was inexcuseable, as it exposed her to the sneers of a whole circle of her own sex, many of them jealous of her perfections.

A lover

A lover should overlook little caprices, where the heart is good and amiable like Bell's: I should think myself particularly obliged to bring this affair to an amicable conclusion, even if Emily had not desired it, as I was originally the innocent cause of their quarrel. In my opinion he ought to beg her pardon; and, as a friend tenderly interested for both, I have a right to tell him I think so: he loves her, and I know must suffer greatly, though a foolish pride prevents his acknowledging it.

My greatest sear is, that an idle resentment may engage him in an intrigue with the lady in question, who is a woman of gallantry, and whom he may find very troublesome hereaster. It is much easier to commence an affair of this kind than to break it off; and a man, though his heart was disengaged, should be always on his guard against any thing like an attachment where his affections are not really interest-

H5

ed: meer passion or meer vanity will support an affair en passant; but, where the least degree of constancy and attention are expected, the heart must seel, or the lover is subjecting himself to a slavery as irksome as a marriage without inclination.

Temple will tell you I speak like an oraele; for I have often seen him led by vanity into this very disagreeable situation: I hope I am not too late to save Fitzgerald from it.

is, that an idle refere-

filly produced in him Six in the evening.

All goes well: his proud heart is come down, he has begged her pardon, and is forgiven; you have no idea how civil both are to me, for having perfuaded them to do what each of them has longed to do from the first moment: I love to advise, when I am sure the heart of the person advised is on my side. Both were to blame,

but I always love to fave the ladies from any thing mortifying to the dignity of their characters; a little pride in love becomes them, but not us; and tis always our part to submit on these occasions.

I never faw two happier people than they are at present, as I have a little preserved decorum on both sides, and taken the whole trouble of the reconciliation on myself: Bell knows nothing of my having applied to Fitzgerald, nor he that I did it at Emily's request: my conversation with him on this subject seemed accidental. I was obliged to leave them, having business in town; but my lovely Emily thanked me by a smile which would overpay a thousand such little services.

I am to fpend to morrow at Silleri: how long shall I think this evening!

H 6

Adieu!

Adieu! my tenderest wishes attend you all!

Your affectionate

Ed. RIVERS.

#### LETTER CV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, March 27, evening.

FITZGERALD has been here, and has begged my pardon; he declares he had no thought of displeasing me at the governor's, but from my behaviour was asraid of importuning me if he addressed me as usual.

I thought who would come too first; for my part, if he had stayed away for ever, I would not have suffered papa to invite him to Silleri: it was easy to see his neglect was all pique; it would have been extraordi-

nary indeed if such a woman as Madame La Brosse could have rivalled me: I am something younger; and, if either my glass or the men are to be believed, as handsome: entre nous, there is some little difference; if she was not so very fair, she would be absolutely ugly; and these very fair women, you know, Lucy, are always insipid; she is the taste of no man breathing, though eternally making advances to every man; without spirit, fire, understanding, vivacity, or any quality capable of making amends for the mediocrity of her charms.

Her insolence in attempting to attach Fitzgerald is intolerable, especially when the whole province knows him to be my lover: there is no expressing to what a degree I hate her.

The next time we meet I hope to return her impertinence on Thursday night at the gover-

Title you you not well to

t wine wonder

governor's; I will never forgive Fitzgerald if he takes the least notice of her.

Emily has read my letter; and fays she did not think I had so much of the woman in me; insists on my being civil to Madame La Brosse, but if I am, Lucy—

These French women are not to be supported; they fancy vanity and assurance are to make up for the want of every other virtue; forgetting that delicacy, softness, sensibility, tenderness, are attractions to which they are strangers: some of them here are however tolerably handsome, and have a degree of liveliness which makes them not quite insupportable.

You will call all this spite, as Emily does, so I will say no more: only that, in order to shew her how very easy it is to be civil to a rival, I wish for the pleasure of seeing another

another French lady, that I could mention, at Quebec.

Good night, my dear! tell Temple, I am every thing but in love with him.

will be expended and things to live to

#### Your faithful

You all the weekness of review.

of and was below A. FERMOR.

. make as called and

I will however own, I encouraged Fitzgerald by a kind look. I was fo pleased at his return, that I could not keep up the farce of disdain I had projected: in love affairs, I am afraid, we are all fools alike.

test, and describe a basepia ten auch time test

deficient investores aim eventual he noc

could not indicate, my tendericks:

# LETTER CYL

## To Mis Fermor.

Saturday noon.

OME to my dreffing-room, my dear; I have a thousand things to say to you: I want to talk of my Rivers, to tell you all the weakness of my soul.

well however town. I commonthing

No, my dear, I cannot love him more, a passion like mine will not admit addition; from the first moment I saw him my whole soul was his: I knew not that I was dear to him; but true genuine love is self-existent, and does not depend on being beloved: I should have loved him even had he been attached to another.

This declaration has made me the happieft of my fex; but it has not increased, it could not increase, my tenderness: with what

TET

what foftness, what diffidence, what respect, what delicacy, was this declaration made! my dear friend, he is a god, and my ardent affection for him is fully justified.

I love him—no words can speak how much I love him.

My passion for him is the first and shall be the last of my life: my bosom never heaved a sigh but for my Rivers.

Will you pardon the folly of a heart which till now was ashamed to own its feelings, and of which you are even now the only confidante?

I find all the world so insipid, nothing amuses me one moment; in short, I have no pleasure but in Rivers's conversation, nor do I count the hours of his absence in my existence.

dillar

pails them pleatantly enough, it may other wond it may other spices of enem is in the way; in there, I

I know all this will be called folly, but it is a folly which makes all the happiness of my life.

You love, my dear Bell; and therefore will pardon the weakness of your

EMILY.

## LETTER CVII.

To Mis Montague.

west and the advisible to

Saturday.

YES, my dear, I love, at least I think fo; but, thanks to my stars, not in the manner you do.

I prefer Fitzgerald to all the rest of his sex; but I count the hours of his absence in my existence; and contrive sometimes to pass them pleasantly enough, if any other agreeable man is in the way; in short, I relish

relish flattery and attention from others, though I infinitely prefer them from him.

I certainly love him, for I was jealous of Madame La Brosse; but, in general, I am not alarmed when I see him stirt a little with others. Perhaps my vanity was as much wounded as my love, with regard to Madame La Brosse.

I find love is quite a different plant in different foils; it is an exotic, and grows faintly, with us coquets; but in its native climate with you people of fensibility and fentiment.

Adieu! I will attend you in a quarter of an hour.

Yours, not you remain and Yours, was believed

prepallette, to be believed be one mante

A. FERMOR.

## LETTER CVIII.

edith Littery and attention from others,

To Mis Fermor.

NOT alarmed, my dear, at his attention to others? believe me, you know nothing of love.

I think every woman who beholds my Rivers a rival; I imagine I fee in every female countenance a passion tender and lively as my own; I turn pale, my heart dies within me, if I observe his eyes a moment fixed on any other woman; I tremble at the possibility of his changing; I cannot support the idea that the time may come when I may be less dear to my Rivers than at present. Do you believe it possible, my dearest Bell, for any heart, not prepossessed, to be insensible one moment to my Rivers?

He is formed to charm the foul of woman; his delicacy, his fentibility, the mind that speaks through those eloquent eyes; the thousand graces of his air, the sound of his voice - my dear, I never heard him speak without seeling a softness of which it is impossible to convey an idea.

But I am wrong to encourage a tenderness which is already too great; I will think less of him; I will not talk of him; do not speak of him to me, my dear Bell: talk to me of Fitzgerald; there is no danger of your passion becoming too violent.

I wish you loved more tenderly, my dearest; you would then be more indulgent to my weakness: I am ashamed of owning it even to you.

eld mouseur. He apult rother

a bovoist of bal disease.

Ashamed,

Ashamed, did I say? no, I rather glory in loving the most amiable, the most angelic of mankind.

Speak of him to me for ever; I abhor all conversation of which he is not the subject. I am interrupted. Adieu!

Your faithful

when the Court of several

EMILY.

My dearest, I tremble; he is at the door; how shall I meet him without betraying all the weakness of my heart? come to me this moment, I will not go down without you. Your father is come to fetch me; follow me, I entreat: I cannot see him alone; my heart is too much softened at this moment. He must not know to what excess he is beloved.

## LETTER CIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Quebec, March 28.

I AM at present, my dear Lucy, extremely embarrassed; Madame Des Roches
is at Quebec: it is impossible for me not to
be more than polite to her; yet my Emily
has all my heart, and demands all my attention; there is but one way of seeing
them both as often as I wish; 'tis to bring
them as often as possible together: I wish
extremely that Emily would visit her, but
'tis a point of the utmost delicacy to manage.

Will it not on reflection be cruel to Madame Des Roches? I know her generofity of mind, but I also know the weakness of the human heart: can she see with pleasure a beloved rival?

My Lucy, I never fo much wanted your advice: I will confult Bell Fermor, who knows every thought of my Emily's heart.

Eleven o'clock.

I have visited Madame Des Roches at her relation's; she received me with a pleasure which was too visible not to be observed by all present: she blushed, her voice faltered when she addressed me; her eyes had a sost-ness which seemed to reproach my insensibility: I was shocked at the idea of having inspired her with a tenderness not in my power to return; I was afraid of increasing that tenderness; I scarce dared to meet her looks.

I felt a criminal in the presence of this amiable woman; for both our fakes, I must see her seldom: yet what an appearance will my neglect have, after the attention she has shewed me, and the friendship she has expressed for me to all the world?

vM

I know

I know not what to determine. I am going to Silleri. Adieu till my return.

Eight o'clock.

I have entreated Emily to admit Madame Des Roches among the number of her friends, and have asked her to visit her tomorrow morning: she changed colour at my request, but promised to go.

I almost repent of what I have done: I am to attend Emily and Bell Fermor to Madame Des Roches in the morning: I am afraid I shall introduce them with a very bad grace. Adieu!

memory thank me for this except, of con-

a , and must be death of rocker to be be before

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

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Vol. II. I

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# LETTER CX.

To Mis FERMOR.

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Sunday morning.

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COULD you have believed he would have expected fuch a proof of my defire to oblige him? but what can he ask that his Emily will refuse? I will see this friend of his, this Madame Des Roches; I will even love her, if it is in woman to be so disinterested. She loves him; he sees her; they say she is amiable; I could have wished her visit to Quebec had been delayed.

But he comes; he looks up; his eyes feem to thank me for this excess of complaisance: what is there I would not do to give him pleasure?

Six o'clock.

Do you think her so very pleasing, my dear Bell? she has fine eyes, but have they not more fire than softness? There was a vivacity in her manner which hurt me extremely: could she have behaved with such unconcern, had she loved as I do?

Do you think it possible, Bell, for a French woman to love? is not vanity the ruling passion of their hearts?

May not Rivers be deceived in supposing her so much attached to him? was there not some degree of affectation in her particular attention to me? I cannot help thinking her artful.

Perhaps I am prejudiced: The may be amiable, but I will own the does not pleafe me.

The sustaining coving and some filling all

I 2

Rivers

Rivers begged me to have a friendship for her; I am afraid this is more than is in my power: friendship, like love, is the child of fympathy, not of constraint. s as and the distribution of there was a

-xo on har Adieu ! Yours, and of when her not have leveled over all these was the

EMILY MONTAGUE.

## LETTER CXI.

To Mis Montague.

e of the Lean in our parti-

Long aby a card to beathers deem Monday.

HE inclosed, my dear, is as much to you as to me, perhaps more; I pardon the lady for thinking you the handfomest. Is not this the strongest proof I could give of my friendship? perhaps I should have been piqued, however, had the preference been given by a man; but I 

can

can with great tranquillity allow you to be the womens' beauty.

Dictate an answer to your little Bell, who waits your commands at her bureau.

Adieu!

"To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

The Little of the Party of the

Monday.

"You and your lovely friend obliged me beyond words, my dear Bell, by your visit of yesterday: Madame Des Roches is charmed with you both: you will not be displeased when I tell you she gives Emily the preference; she says she is beautiful as an angel; that she should think the man insensible, who could see her without love; that she is touchant, to use her own word, beyond any thing she ever beheld.

13

.. . . . . . She

"She however does justice to your charms, though Emily's seem to affect her most. She even allows you to be perhaps more the taste of men in general.

"She intends paying her respects to you "and Emily this afternoon; and has sent to desire me to conduct her. As it is so far, I would wish to find you at home."

" Yours,

"ED. RIVERS."

#### LETTER CXII.

To Miss FERMOR.

A LWAYS Madame Des Roches! but let her come: indeed, my dear, she is artful; she gains upon him by this appearance of generosity; I cannot return it, I do

I do not love her; yet I will receive her with politeness.

He is to drive her too; but 'tis no matter: if the tenderest affection can secure his heart, I have nothing to sear: loving him as I do, it is impossible not to be apprehensive: indeed, my dear, he knows not how I love him.

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consolin with policinals, but with the a

Your Emily.

#### LETTER CXIII.

To Miss FERMOR.

Monday evening.

SURELY I am the weakest of my weak
fex; I am ashamed to tell you all my
feelings: I cannot conquer my dislike to
I 4

Madame

Madame Des Roches: she said a thousand obliging things to me, she praised my Rivers; I made her no answer, I even selt tears ready to start; what must she think of me? there is a meanness in my jealousy of her, which I cannot forgive mytess.

I cannot account for her attention to me, it is not natural; the behaved to me not only with politeness, but with the appearance of affection; she seemed to seel and pity my confusion. She is either the most artful, or the most noble of women.

#### Adien!

Your

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Control of the all-armed to top you all ary to top the to to the total are to the total are

small Mr.

ower Taller EMILY.

# LETTER CXIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, March 29 ..

W E are going to dine at a farm house in the country, where we are to meet other company, and have a ball: the show begins a little to soften, from the warmth of the sun, which is greater than in England in May. Our winter parties are almost at an end.

My father drives Madame Des Roches,, who is of our party, and your brother Eminy; I hope the little fool will be easy now,. Lucy; she is very humble, to be jealous of one, who, though really very pleasing, is neither so young nor so handsome as herfelf; and who professes to wish only for Rivers's friendship.

But I have no right to say a word on this subject, after having been so extremely hurt at Fitzgerald's attention to such a woman as Madame La Brosse; an attention too which was so plainly meant to pique me.

We are all, I am afraid, a little abfurd in these affairs, and therefore ought to have some degree of indulgence for others.

Emily and I, however, differ in our ideas of love: it is the business of her life, the amusement of mine; its the food of her hours, the seasoning of mine.

Or, in other words, she loves like a foolish woman, I like a sensible man: for men, you know, compared to women, love in about the proportion of one to twenty.

Tis a mighty wrong thing, after all, Lucy, that parents will educate creatures

fo differently, who are to live with and for each other.

Every possible means is used, even from infancy, to soften the minds of women, and to harden those of men; the contrary endeavor might be of use, for the men creatures are unseeling enough by nature, and we are born too tremblingly alive to love, and indeed to every soft affection.

Your brother is almost the only one of his sex I know, who has the tenderness of woman with the spirit and sirmness of man: a circumstance which strikes every woman who converses with him, and which contributes to make him the favorite he is amongst us. Foolish women who cannot distinguish characters may possibly give the preference to a coxcomb; but I will venture to say, no woman of sense was ever much acquainted with Colonel Rivers without seeling for him an affection of some kind or other.

A propos to women, the estimable part of us are divided into two classes only, the tender and the lively. He err collider means

The former, at the head of which I place Emily, are infinitely more capable of happiness; but, to counterbalance this advantage, they are also capable of misery in the same degree. We of the other class, who feel less keenly, are perhaps upon the whole as happy, at least I would fain think 6. er off sea on a whole Lo

For example, if Emily and I marry our present lovers, she will certainly be more exquisitely happy than I shall; but if they should change their minds, or any accident prevent our coming together, I am inclined to fancy my lituation would be much the most agreeable. the first of convenience

a of three kild or rener.

MANA N

thould

I should pout a month, and then look about for another lover; whilst the tender Emily would

"Sit like patience on a monument," and pine herself into a consumption.

Adieu! They wait for me.

Tours, when the same of the same appropria

the distribution of River to Endonwers

and in Lorentz with the Lorentz of the Control of t

A. FERMOR.

Tuesday, midnight.

We have had a very agreeable day, Lucy, a pretty enough kind of a ball, and every body in good humor: I danced with Fitz-gerald, whom I never knew so agreeable.

Happy love is gay, I find; Emily is all sprightliness, your brother's eyes have never left

left her one moment, and her blushes seemed to shew her sense of the distinction; I never knew her look so handsome as this day.

aro, e do atendesa Alkii Al

Do you know I felt for Madame Des Roches? Emily was excessively complaisant to her: she returned her civility, but I could perceive a kind of constraint in her manner, very different from the ease of her behaviour when we saw her before: she felt the attention of Rivers to Emily very strongly: in short, the ladies seemed to have changed characters for the day.

We supped with your brother on our return, and from his windows, which look on the river St. Charles, had the pleasure of observing one of the most beautiful objects imaginable, which I never remember to have seen before this evening.

You are to observe the winter method of fishing here, is to break openings like small fish ponds on the ice, to which the fish coming for air, are taken in prodigious quantities on the surface.

To shelter themselves from the excessive cold of the night, the sishermen build small houses of ice on the river, which are arranged in a semicircular form, and extend near a quarter of a mile, and which, from the blazing fires within, have a brilliant transparency and vivid lustre, not easy either to imagine or to describe: the starry semicircle looks like an immense crescent of diamonds, on which the sun darts his meridian rays.

Absolutely, Lucy, you see nothing in Europe: you are cultivated, you have the tame beauties of art; but to see nature in her lovely wild luxuriance, you must visit

your

configuration received for the content of the

your brother when he is prince of the Kamaraskas.

Adieu!

Your faithful

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Constitute and the continues

Line to the same of the A. Fermore.

The variety, as well of grand objects, as of amusements, in this country, confirms me in an opinion I have always had, that Providence had made the conveniences and inconveniences of life nearly equal every where.

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We have pleasures here even in winter, peculiar to the climate, which counter-balance the evils we suffer from its rigor.

Good night, my dear Lucy !."

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# et Tapet of o del Elong ber CXV! tot

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Aus non orar me, into friendfaip, des Quebec, April 2.

I HAVE this moment, my dear, a letter from Montreal, describing some lands on Lake Champlain, which my friend thinks much better worth my taking than those near the Kamaraskas: he presses me to come up immediately to see them, as the ice on the rivers will in a sew days be danger-ous to travel on.

I am strongly inclined to go, and for this reason; I am convinced my wish of bringing about a friendship between Emily and Madame Des Roches, the strongest reason I had for fixing at the Kamaraskas, was an imprudent one: gratitude and (if the expression is not impertinent) compassion give

me a sostness in my behaviour to the latter, which a superficial observer would take for love, and which her own tenderness may cause even her to misconstrue; a circumstance which must retard her resolution of changing the affection with which she has honored me, into friendship.

I am also delicate in my love, and cannot bear to have it one moment supposed, my heart can know a wish but for my Emily.

Shall I say more? The blush on Emily's cheek on her first seeing Madame Des Roches convinced me of my indiscretion, and that vanity alone carried me to desire to bring together two women, whose affection for me is from their extreme merit so very flattering.

I shall certainly now fix in Canada; I can no longer doubt of Emily's tenderness, though she resules me her had, from motives

tives which make her a thousand times more dear to me, but which I flatter myself love will over-rule.

I am fetting off in an hour for Montreal, and shall call at Silleri to take Emily's commands.

Seven in the evening, Des Chambeaux.

'there bentimed and journ't

I asked her advice as to fixing the place of my settlement; she said much against my staying in America at all; but, if I was determined, recommended Lake Champlain rather than the Kamaraskas, on account of climate. Bell smiled; and a blush, which I persectly understood, over-spread the lovely cheek of my sweet Emily. Nothing could be more flattering than this circumstance; had she seen Madame Des Roches with a calm indifference, had she not been alarmed at the idea of fixing near her, I should have doubted

doubted of the degree of her affection; a little apprehension is inseparable from real love.

My courage has been to-day extremely put to the proof: had I staid three days longer, it would have been impossible to have continued my journey.

The ice cracks under us at every step the horses set, a rather unpleasant circumstance on a river twenty sathoms deep: I should not have attempted the journey had I been aware of this particular. I hope no man meets inevitable danger with more spirit, but no man is less fond of seeking it where it is honorably to be avoided.

I am going to sup with the seigneur of the village, who is, I am told, married to one of the handsomest women in the province.

Adieu! my dear! I shall write to you from Montreal.

Your affectionate

Ed. Rivers.

#### LETTER CXVI.

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To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

or all the way and any west to an estate in

Montreal, April 3.

AM arrived, my dear, after a very difagreeable and dangerous journey; I was obliged to leave the river foon after I left Des Chambeaux, and to purfue my way on the land over melting fnow, into which the horses feet funk half a yard every step.

An officer just come from New-York has given me a letter from you, which came thither

thither by a private ship: I am happy to hear of your health, and that Temple's affection for you seems rather to increase than lessen since your marriage.

You ask me, my dear Lucy, how to preferve this affection, on the continuance of which, you justly say, your whole happiness depends.

The question is perhaps the most delicate and important which respects human dise; the caprice, the inconstancy, the injustice of men, makes the task of women in marriage infinitely difficult.

Prudence and virtue will certainly fecure efteem; but, unfortunately, efteem alone will not make a happy marriage; paffion must also be kept alive, which the continual presence of the object beloved is too apt to make subside into that apathy, so insupportable to sensible minds.

The higher your rank, and the lefs your manner of life separates you from each other, the more danger there will be of this indifference.

The poor, whose necessary avocations divide them all day, and whose sensibility is blunted by the coarseness of their education, are in no danger of being weary of each other; and, unless naturally vicious, you will see them generally happy in marriage; whereas even the virtuous, in more affluent situations, are not secure from this unhappy cessation of tenderness.

When I received your letter, I was reading Madame De Maintenon's advice to the Duchess of Burgundy, on this subject. I will transcribe so much of it as relates to the woman, leaving her advice to the princess to those whom it may concern.

"Do not hope for perfect happiness; "there is no such thing in this sublunary "state.

"Your sex is the more exposed to suffer, because it is always in dependence; be neither angry nor ashamed of this dependence dence on a husband, nor any of those which are in the order of Providence.

" Let your husband be your best friend and your only confidant.

"Do not hope that your union will pro"cure you perfect peace: the best mar"riages are those where with softness and
"patience they bear by turns with each
"other; there are none without some con"tradiction and disagreement.

"Do not expect the same degree of friend"ship that you feel: men are in general
"less

" less tender than women; and you will be unhappy if you are too delicate in friend-

" fhip. .

"Beg of God to guard your heart from "jealoufy: do not hope to bring back a "husband by complaints, ill humor, and "reproaches. The only means which pro- "mise success, are patience and softness: "impatience sours and alienates hearts; "softness leads them back to their duty.

"In facrificing your own will, pretend to no right over that of a husband: men are more attached to theirs than women, because educated with less constraint.

"They are naturally tyrannical; they will have pleasures and liberty, yet insist that women renounce both: do not examine whether their rights are well founded; let it suffice to you, that they are established; they are masters, we you. II.

"have only to fuffer and obey with a good grace."

Thus far Madame De Maintenon, who must be allowed to have known the heart of man, since, after having been above twenty years a widow, she enslamed, even to the degree of bringing him to marry her, that of a great monarch, younger than herself, surrounded by beauties, habituated to flattery, in the plenitude of power, and covered with glory; and retained him in her chains to the last moment of his life.

Do not, however, my dear, be alarmed at the picture she has drawn of marriage; nor fancy with her, that women are only born to suffer and to obey.

LASSA

That we are generally tyrannical, I am obliged to own; but fuch of us as know how to be happy, willingly give up the harsh title of master, for the more tender and

and endearing one of friend; men of fense abhor those customs which treat your sex as if created merely for the happiness of the other; a supposition injurious to the Deity, though flattering to our tyranny and self-love; and wish only to bind you in the soft chains of affection.

Equality is the foul of friendship: marriage, to give delight, must join two minds,
not devote a slave to the will of an imperious lord; whatever conveys the idea
of subjection necessarily destroys that of
love, of which I am so convinced, that I
always wished the word obey expunsed
from the marriage ceremony.

Tava ila muo-

If you will permit me to add my fentiments to those of a lady so learned in the art of pleasing; I would wish you to study the taste of your husband, and endeavor to acquire a relish for those pleasures which appear most to affect him; let him find K 2 amusement

amusement at home, but never be peevish at his going abroad; he will return to you with the higher guft for your conversation: have feparate apartments, fince your fortune makes it not inconvenient; be always elegant, but not too expensive, in your dress; retain your present exquisite delicacy of every kind; receive his friends with good-breeding and complacency; contrive fuch little parties of pleasure as you know are agreeable to him, and with the most agreeable people you can select: be lively even to playfulness in your generathern of conversation with him; but, at the same time, spare no pains so to improve your understanding, which is an excellent one, as to be no less capable of being the companion of his graver hours: be ignorant of nothing which it becomes your fex to know, but avoid all affectation of knowledge: let your ceconomy be exact, but without appearing otherwise than by the effect.

Turnel Barry

Do not imitate those on your fex who by ill temper make a husband pay dear for their fidelity: let virtue in you be drest in finiles; and be affured that chearfulness is the native garb of innocence.

of any trail Arthrophy of Monte our

In one word, my dear, do not lose the mistress in the wife, but let your behaviour to him as a husband be such as you would have thought most proper to attract him as a lover: have always the idea of pleafing before you, and you cannot fail to pleafe.

Having lectured you, my dear Lucy, I must fay a word to Temple: a great variety of rules have been given for the conduct of women in marriage; fcarce any for that of men; as if it was not effential to domeftic happiness, that the man should preserve the heart of her with whom he is to spend his life; or as if bestowing happiness were not worth a man's attention, so he possessed it: if,

CONTROL

however,

however, it is possible to feel true happiness without giving it.

You, my dear Temple, have too just an idea of pleasure to think in this manner: you would be beloved; it has been the purfuit of your life, though never really attained perhaps before. You at prefent possess a heart full of fensibility, a heart capable of loving with ardor, and from the fame cause as capable of being estranged by neglect: give your whole attention to preferving this invaluable treasure; observe every rule I have given to her, if you would be happy; and believe me, the heart of woman is not less delicate than tender; their fenfibility is more keen, they feel more strongly than we do, their tenderness is more easily wounded, and their hearts are more difficult to recover if once loft.

At the fame time, they are both by nature and education more constant, and scarce

fcarce ever change the object of their affections but from ill treatment: for which reason there is some excuse for a custom which appears cruel, that of throwing contempt on the husband for the ill conduct of the wife.

Above all things, retain the politeness and attention of a lover; and avoid that careless manner which wounds the vanity of human nature, a passion given us, as were all passions, for the wisest ends, and which never quits us but with life.

There is a certain attentive tenderness, difficult to be described, which the manly of our sex seel, and which is peculiarly pleasing to woman: 'tis also a very delightful sensation to ourselves, as well as productive of the happiest consequences: regarding them as creatures placed by Providence under our protection, and depending on us for K 4

their happiness, is the strongest possible tie of affection to a well-turned mind.

If I did not know Lucy perfectly, I should perhaps hesitate in the next advice I am going to give you; which is, to make her the considere, and the only considere, of your gallantries, if you are so unhappy as to be inadvertently betrayed into any: her heart will possibly be at first a little wounded by the consession, but this proof of perfect esteem will increase her friendship for you; she will regard your error with compassion and indulgence, and lead you gently back by her endearing tenderness to know and herself.

Of all tasks I detest that of giving advice; you are therefore under infinite obligation to me for this letter.

Be affured of my tenderest affection; and believe me,

wen later the cleaning of regulars were

them a fatigue indippointble; you do them

Yours, &c.

En. Rivers.

# LETTER CXVII.

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the love but ship all when you malled

To the Earl of ---

Silleri, April 8.

NOTHING can be more true, my Lord, than that poverty is ever the inteparable companion of indolence.

I see proofs of it every moment before me; with a soil fruitful beyond all belief, the Canadians are poor on lands which are their own property, and for which they

K 5

PT

pay only a trifling quit-rent to their William - Com to feigneurs.

This indolence appears in every thing: you scarce see the meanest peasant walking; even riding on horseback appears to them a fatigue insupportable; you see them lolling at ease, like their lazy lords, in carrioles and calashes, according to the feafon; a boy to guide the horfe on a feat in the front of the carriage, too lazy even to take the trouble of driving themselves, their hands in winter folded in an immense muff, though perhaps their families are in want of bread to eat at home.

The winter is passed in a mixture of festivity and inaction; dancing and feating in their gayer hours; in their graver fmoking, and drinking brandy, by the fide of a warm flove: and when obliged to cultivate the ground in fpring to procure the means of sublistence, you see them just turn the

turf

turf once lightly over, and, without manuring the ground, or even breaking the clocks of earth, throw in the feed in the fame careless manner, and leave the event to chance, without troubling themselves further till it is fit to reap.

I must, however, observe, as some alleviation, that there is something in the climate which strongly inclines both the body and mind, but rather the latter, to indolence: the heat of the summer, though pleasing, enervates the very soul, and gives a certain lassitude unsavorable to industry; and the winter, as its extreme, binds up and chills all the active faculties of the soul.

Add to this, that the general spirit of amusement, so universal here in winter, and so necessary to prevent the ill effects of the season, gives a habit of dissipation and pleasure, which makes labor doubly irksome at its return.

K 6

Their

Their religion, to which they are extremely bigoted, is another great bar, as well to industry as population: their numerous festivals inure them to idleness; their religious houses rob the state of many subjects who might be highly useful at present, and at the same time retard the increase of the colony.

Sloth and superstition equally counterwork Providence, and render the bounty of Heaven of no effect.

Tam furprized the French, who generally make their religion subservient to the purposes of policy, do not discourage convents, and lessen the number of sestivals, in the colonies, where both are so peculiarly pernicious.

It is to this circumstance one may in great measure attribute the superior increase of the

the British American settlements compared to those of France: a religion which encourges idleness, and makes a virtue of celibacy, is particularly unfavorable to colonization.

However religious prejudice may have been suffered to counterwork policy under a French government, it is scarce to be doubted that this cause of the poverty of Canada will by degrees be removed; that these people, slaves at present to ignorance and superstition, will in time be enlightened by a more liberal education, and gently led by reason to a religion which is not only preserable, as being that of the country to which they are now annexed, but which is so much more calculated to make them happy and prosperous as a people.

Till that time, till their prejudices fubfide, it is equally just, humane, and wife,

to leave them the free right of worshipping the Deity in the manner which they have been early taught to believe the best, and to which they are consequently attached.

It would be unjust to deprive them of any of the rights of citizens on account of religion, in America, where every other sect of dissenters are equally capable of employ with those of the established church; nay where, from whatever cause, the church of England is on a sooting in many colonies little better than a toleration.

It is undoubtedly, in a political light, an object of consequence every where, that the national religion, whatever it is, should be as universal as possible, agreement in religious worship being the strongest tie to unity and obedience; had all prudent means been used to lessen the number of dissenters in our colonies, I cannot avoid believing,

believing, from what I observe and hear, that we should have found in them a spirit of rational loyalty, and true freedom, instead of that sactious one from which so much is to be apprehended.

It seems consonant to reason, that the religion of every country should have a relation to, and coherence with, the civil constitution: the Romish religion is best adapted to a despotic government, the Presbyterian to a republican, and that of the church of England to a limited monarchy like ours.

As therefore the civil government of America is on the same plan with that of the mother country, it were to be wished the religious establishment was also the same, especially in those colonies where the people are generally of the national church; though with the fullest liberty of conscience to dissenters of all denominations.

1 would

I would be clearly understood, my Lord; from all I have observed here, I am convinced, nothing would so much contribute to diffuse a spirit of order, and rational obedience, in the colonies, as the appointment, under proper restrictions, of bishops: I am equally convinced that nothing would so much strengthen the hands of government, or give such pleasure to the well-affected in the colonies, who are by much the most numerous, as such an appointment, however clamored against by a sew abettors of sedicion.

I am called upon for this letter, and must omit to another time what I wished to fay more to your Lordship in regard to this country.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

W. FERMOR.

LET-

#### LETTER CXVIII.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, April 8.

AM indeed, Madam, this inconsistent creature. I have at once refused to marry Colonel Rivers, and owned to him all the tenderness of my soul.

Do not however think me mad, or suppose my resusal the effect of an unmeaning
childish affectation of disinterestedness: I
can form to myself no idea of happiness
equal to that of spending my life with
Rivers, the best, the most tender, the most
amiable of mankind; nor can I support the
idea of his marrying any other woman: I
would therefore marry him to-morrow were
it possible without ruining him, without
dooming him to a perpetual exile, and
obstructing

obstructing those views of honest ambition at home, which become his birth, his connexions, his talents, his time of life; and with which, as his friend, it is my duty to inspire him.

His affection for me at present blinds him, he sees no object but me in the whole universe; but shall I take advantage of that inebriation of tenderness, to seduce him into a measure inconsistent with his real happiness and interest? He must return to England, must pursue fortune in that world for which he was formed: shall his Emily retard him in the glorious race? shall she not rather encourage him in every laudable attempt? shall she suffer him to hide that shining merit in the uncultivated wilds of Canada, the seat of barbarism and ignorance, which entitles him to hope a happy sate in the dear land of arts and arms?

I entreat you to do all you can to difcourage his design. Remind him that his fifter's marriage has in some degree removed the cause of his coming hither; that he can have now no motive for fixing here, but his tenderness for me; that I shall be justly blamed by all who love him for keeping him here. Tell him, I will not marry him in Canada; that his flay makes the best mother in the world wretched; that he owes his return to himself, nay to his Emily, whose whole heart is set on seeing him in a fituation worthy of him: though without ambition as to myfelf, I am proud, I am ambitious for him; if he loves me, he will gratify that pride, that ambition; and leave Canada to those whose duty confines them here, or whose interest it is to remain unseen. Let him not once think of me in his determination: I am content to be beloved, and will leave all else to time. You cannot fo much oblige or ferve me, as by per-

persuading Colonel Rivers to return to England.

there are a soft and a first and a soft a soft

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

# LETTER CXIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, April 9.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal to look out for a fettlement, and Emily to spend a fortnight at Quebec, with a lady she knew in England, who is lately arrived from thence by New-York.

I am

I am lost without my friend, though my lover endeavors, in some degree, to supply her place; he lays close siege; I know not how long I shall be able to hold out: this sine weather is exceedingly in his favor; the winter freezes up all the avenues to the heart; but this sprightly April sun thaws them again amazingly. I was the cruellest creature breathing whilst the chilly season lasted, but can answer for nothing now the sprightly May is approaching.

I can see papa is vastly in Fitzgerald's interest; but he knows our sex well enough to keep this to himself.

I shall, however, for decency's sake, ask his opinion on the affair as soon as I have taken my resolution; which is the very time at which all the world ask advice of their friends.

A letter from Emily, which I must answer: she is extremely absurd, which your tender lovers always are.

Adieu! yours,

A. FERMOR.

Sir George Clayton had left Montreal fome days before your brother arrived there; I was pleafed to hear it, because, with all your brother's good sense, and concern for Emily's honor, and Sir George's natural coldness of temper, a quarrel between them would have been rather difficult to have been avoided.

To receive the work of the for

#### LETTER CXX.

To Miss FERMOR.

Quebec, Thursday morning.

Do you think, my dear, that Madame Des Roches has heard from Rivers? I wish you would ask her this afternoon at the governor's: I am anxious to know, but ashamed to enquire.

Not, my dear, that I have the weakness to be jealous; but I shall think his letter to me a higher compliment, if I know he writes to nobody else. I extremely approve his friendship for Madame Des Roches; she is very amiable, and certainly deserves it: but you know, Bell, it would be cruel to encourage an affection, which she must conquer, or be unhappy: if she did not love him, there would be nothing wrong in his writing

writing to her; but, as she does, it would be doing her the greatest injury possible: 'tis as much on her account as my own I am thus anxious.

Did you ever read so tender, yet so lively a letter as Rivers's to me? he is alike in all: there is in his letters, as in his conversation,

- " All that can foftly win, or gaily charm
- " The heart of woman."

Even strangers listen to him with an involuntary attention, and hear him with a pleasure for which they scarce know how to account.

He charms even without intending it, and in spite of himself; but when he wishes to please, when he addresses the woman he loves, when his eyes speak the soft language of his heart, when your Emily

Emily reads in them the dear confession of his tenderness, when that melodious voice utters the sentiments of the noblest mind that ever animated a human form—My dearest, the eloquence of angels cannot paint my Rivers as he is.

I am almost inclined not to go to the governor's to night; I am determined not to dance till Rivers returns, and I know there are too many who will be ready to make observations on my refusal: I think I will stay at home, and write to him against Monday's post: I have a thousand things to say, and you know we are continually interrupted at Quebec; I shall have this evening to myself, as all the world will be at the governor's.

Adieu! your faithful . Talling Thou

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# LETTER CXXI.

To Mis Monrague, at Quebec.

Silleri, Thursday morning.

I DARE fay, my dear, Madame Des Roches has not heard from Rivers; but fuppose she had. If he loves you, of what consequence is it to whom he writes? I would not for the world any friend of yours should ask her such a question.

I shall call upon you at fix o'clock, and shall expect to find you determined to go to the governor's this evening, and to dance: Fitzgerald begs the honor of being your partner.

Believe me, Emily, these kind of unmeaning sacrifices are childish; your heart is new to love, and you have all the romance of a

girl: Rivers would, on your account, be hurt to hear you had refused to dance in his absence, though he might be flattered to know you had for a moment entertained such an idea.

I pardon you for having the romantic fancies of seventeen, provided you correct them with the good sense of sour and twenty.

Adieu! I have engaged myself to Colonel H—, on the presumption that you are too polite to refuse to dance with Fitzgerald, and too prudent to resuse to dance at all.

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of her was unworthy my character; I bluth to own the meanness of my fentiments,

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cent: Rivers would, on your account, be igner to hear you had refused to dance in

To Miss FERMOR, at Silleri.

former work habite Quebec, Saturday morning.

HOW unjust have I been in my hatred of Madame Des Roches! she spent yesterday with us, and after dinner desired to converse with me an hour in my apartment, where she opened to me all her heart on the subject of her love for Rivers.

She is the noblest and most amiable of women, and I have been in regard to her the most capricious and unjust: my hatred of her was unworthy my character; I blush to own the meanness of my sentiments, whilst I admire the generosity of hers.

Why

Why, my dear, should I have hated her? she was unhappy, and deserved rather my compassion: I had deprived her of all hope of being beloved, it was too much to wish to deprive her also of his conversation. I knew myself the only object of Rivers's love; why then should I have envied her his friendship? she had the strongest reason to hate me, but I should have loved and pitied her.

Can there be a misfortune equal to that of loving Rivers without hope of a return? Yet she has not only borne this misfortune without complaint, but has been the confidante of his passion for another; he owned to her all his tenderness for me, and drew a picture of me, "which, she told me, ought, had she listened to reason, to have destroyed even the shadow of hope: but that love, ever ready to flatter and deceive, had betrayed her into the weakness of sup-

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poling

posing it possible I might refuse him, and that gratitude might, in that case, touch his heart with tenderness for one who loved him with the most pure and disinterested affection; that her journey to Quebec had removed the veil love had placed between her and truth; that she was now convinced the faint hope she had encouraged was madness, and that our souls were formed for each other.

She owned she still loved him with the most lively affection; yet assured me, since she was not allowed to make the most amiable of mankind happy herself, she wished him to be so with the woman on earth she thought most worthy of him.

She added, that she had on first seeing me, though she thought me worthy his heart, selt an impulse of dislike which she was ashamed to own, even now that reason and reflexion had conquered so unworthy a sen-

a sentiment; that Rivers's complaisance had a little dissipated her chagrin, and enabled her to behave to me in the manner she did: that she had, however, almost hated me at the ball in the country: that the tenderness in Rivers's eyes that day whenever they met mine, and his comparative inattention to her, had wounded her to the soul.

it fire hotfold I would married her

That this preference had, however, been falutary, though painful; fince it had determined her to conquer a passion, which could only make her life wretched if it continued; that, as the first step to this conquest, she had resolved to see him no more; that she would return to her house the moment she could cross the river with safety; and conjured me, for her sake, to persuade him to give up all thoughts of a settlement near her; that she could not answer for her own heart if she continued to see him; that she believed in love there was no safety but in slight.

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That his absence had given her time to think coolly; and that she now saw so strongly the amiableness of my character, and was so convinced of my perfect tenderness for him, that she should hate herself were she capable of wishing to interrupt our happiness.

That she hoped I would pardon her retaining a tender remembrance of a man who, had he never seen me, might have returned her affection; that she thought so highly of my heart, as to believe I could not hate a woman who esteemed me, and who solicited my friendship, though a happy rival."

I was touched, even to tears, at her behaviour: we embraced; and, if I know my own weak foolish heart, I love her.

answer for her own heart if the continued to

fee him, that the believed in love there was

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She talks of leaving Quebec before Rivers's return; she said, her coming was an imprudence which only love could excuse; and that she had no motive for her journey but the desire of seeing him, which was so lively as to hurry her into an indiscretion of which she was assaid the world took but too much notice. What openness, what sincerity, what generolity, was there in all she said!

How superior, my dear, is her character to mine! I blush for myself on the comparison; I am shocked to see how much she soars above me: how is it possible Rivers should not have preferred her to me? Yet this is the woman I fancied incapable of any passion but vanity.

I am fure, my dear Bell, I am not naturally envious of the merit of others; but

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Rivers's recurn, while-the continues fare,

Listow.

my excess of love for Rivers makes me apprehensive of every woman who can possibly rival me in his tenderness.

I was hurt at Madame Des Roches's uncommon merit; I saw with pain the amiable qualities of her mind; I could scarce even allow her person to be pleasing: but this injustice is not that of my natural temper, but of love.

She is certainly right, my dear, to fee him no more; I applaud, I admire her resolution: do you think, however, she would pursue it if she loved. I do? she has perhaps loved before, and her heart has lost something of its native trembling sensibility.

I wish my heart felt her merit as strongly as my reason: I esteem, I admire, I even love her at present; but I am convinced Rivers's return, while she continues here, would

would weaken these sentiments of affection: the least appearance of preference, even for a moment, would make me relapse into my former weakness. I adore, I idolize her character; but I cannot fincerely wish to cultivate her friendship. Le ling A Links

Let me fee you this afternoon at Quebec: I am told the roads will not be passable for carrioles above three days longer: let me therefore see you as often as I can before we are absolutely shut from each other.

Adieu! my dear!

Your faithful

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## LETTER CXXIII.

would weaken their feetiments of effections:

To the Earl of

Silleri, April 14.

ENGLAND, however populous, is unafford very large supplies of people to her colonies: and her people are also too useful, and of too much value, to be suffered to emigrate, if they can be prevented, whilst there is sufficient employment for them at home.

It is not only our interest to have colonies; they are not only necessary to our commerce, and our greatest and surest sources of wealth, but our very being as a powerful commercial nation depends on them: it is therefore an object of all others most worthy our attention, that they should

should be as flourishing and populous as possible.

It is however equally our interest to support them at as little expence of our own inhabitants as possible: I therefore took on the acquisition of such a number of subjects as we found in Canada, to be a much superior advantage to that of gaining ten times the immense tract of land ceded to us, if uncultivated and destitute of inhabitants.

But it is not only contrary to our interest to spare many of our own people as settlers in America; it must also be considered, that, if we could spare them, the English are the worst settlers on new lands in the universe.

Their attachment to their native country, especially amongst the lower ranks of people, is so very strong, that sew of the honest

honest and industrious can be prevailed on to leave it; those therefore who go, are generally the diffolute and the idle, who are of no use anywhere on revewed ai al

support them at as little expence of our The English are also, though industrious, active, and enterprizing, ill fitted to bear the hardfhips, and Jubmit to the wants, which inevitably attend an infant fettlement even on the most fruitful lands.

to us, if uncultivated and defitrate of isha-

The Germans, on the contrary, with the same useful qualities, have a patience, a perseverance, an abstinence, which peculiarly fit them for the cultivation of new countries; too great encouragement therefore cannot be given to them to fettle in our colonies: they make better fettlers. than our own people; and at the same time their numbers are an acquisition of real strength where they fix, without weakening the mother country.

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It is long fince the populousness of Europe has been the cause of her sending out colonies: a better policy prevails; mankinds are enlightened; we are now convinced, both by reason and experience, that no industrious people can be too populous.

The northern swarms were compelled to leave their respective countries, not because those countries were unable to support them, but because they were too idle to cultivate the ground: they were a serocious, ignorant, barbarous people, averse to labor, attached to war, and, like our American savages, believing every employment not relative to this savorite object, beneath the dignity of man.

Their emigrations therefore were less owing to their populousness, than to their want of industry, and barbarous contempt of agriculture and every useful art.

It is with pain I am compelled to fay, the late spirit of encouraging the monopoly of farms, which, from a narrow short-sighted policy, prevails amongst our landed men at home, and the alarming growth of celibacy amongst the peasantry which is its necessary consequence, to say nothing of the same ruinous increase of celibacy in higher ranks, threaten us with such a decrease of population, as will probably equal that caused by the ravages of those scourges of heaven, the sword, the samine, and the pestilence.

If this selfish policy continues to extend itself, we shall in a sew years be so far from being able to send emigrants to America, that we shall be reduced to solicit their return, and that of their posterity, to prevent England's becoming in its turn an uncultivated desert.

But to return to Canada; this large acquisition of people is an invaluable treasure, if managed, as I doubt not it will be, to the best advantage; if they are won by the gentle arts of perfuafion, and the gradual progress of knowledge, to adopt so much of our manners as tends to make them happier in themselves, and more useful members of the fociety to which they belong: if with our language, which they should by every means be induced to learn, they acquire the mild genius of our religion and laws, and that spirit of industry, enterprize, and commerce, to which we owe all our greatness. And irrorque in the great of art of treet, we enjoy, in order to fectore us by

Amongst the various causes which concur to render France more populous than England, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a lefs gentle government, and a religion fo very unfavorable to the increase of mankind, the cultivation of vineyards may be reckoned -airq & rilling which is its conlequence, is

a principal one; as it employs a much greater number of hands than even agriculture itself, which has however infinite advantages in this respect above pasturage, the certain cause of a want of people wherever it prevails above its due proportion.

Our climate denies us the advantages atting from the culture of vines, as well as many others which nature has accorded to Prance; a confideration which should as waken us from the lethargy into which the avaries of individuals has plungedrus, and fet us in earnest on improving very advantage we enjoy, in order to secure us by our native strength from so formidable a rival sucluded arom some a rabust of my

The want of bread to eat, from the late and cruel policy of laying finallifarms into great ones, and the general difcourage, ment of tillage which is its consequence, is

in my opinion much less to be apprehended than the want of people to eat it.

In every country where the inhabitants are at once numerous and industrious, there will always be a proportionable cultivation.

This evil is so very destructive and alarming, that if the great have not virtue enough to remedy it, it is to be hoped it will in time, like most great evils, cure itself.

Your Lardship enquires into the nature of this climate in respect to health. The air being uncommonly pure and serene, it is savorable to life beyond any I ever knew the people live generally to a very advanced age; and are remarkably free from diseases of every kind, except consumptions, to which the younger part of the inhabitants are a good deal subject.

## \$36 THE HISTORY OF

It is however a circumstance one cannot help observing, that they begin to look old thuch sooner than the people in Europe; on which my daughter observes, that it is not very pleasant for women to come to reside in a country where people have a short youth, and a long old age.

The diseases of cold countries are in general owing to want of perspiration; for which reason exercise, and even dissipation, are here the best medicines.

The Indians therefore shewed their good sense in advising the French, on their first arrival, to use dancing, mirth, chearfulness, and content, as the best remedies against the inconveniences of the climate.

I have already swelled this letter to such a length, that I must postpone to another time my account of the peculiar natural productions

productions of Canada; only observing, that one would imagine heaven intended a focial intercourse between the most distant nations. by giving them productions of the earth fo very different each from the other, and each more than fufficient for itself, that the exchange might be the means of spreading the bond of fociety and brotherhood over the whole globe. The same I the rate A to elitinate the good a delica on

In my opinion, the man who conveys, and causes to grow, in any country, a grain, a fruit, or even a flower, it never possessed before, deserves more praise than a thoufand heroes: he is a benefactor, he is in fome degree a creator. The company of I

Beidia e mala electu I have the honor to be, My Lord, and the more soll

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call a fundament ber Your Lordship's, &cc.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

# LETTER CXXIV.

productions of Canada, only observing that

To Miss Montague, at Quebec.

more than indicient for itleft, that the cy-

ad galbanat lo mana and Montreal, April 14.

Is it possible, my dear Emily, you can, after all I have said, persist in endeavoring to dissuade me from a design on which my whole happiness depends, and which I stattered myself was equally essential to yours? I forgave, I even admired, your first scruple; I thought it generosity; but I have answered it; and if you had loved as I do, you would never again have named so unpleasing a subject.

Does your own heart tell you mine will call a fettlement here, with you, an exile? Examine yourself well, and tell me whether your aversion to staying in Canada is not stronger

Rivers and findo radio on that awa

I am hurt beyond all words at the earnestness with which you press Mrs. Melmoth to dissuade me from staving in this country: you press with warmth my return to England, though it would put an eternal bar between us: you give reasons which, though the understanding may approve, the heart abhors: can ambition come in competition with tenderness? you sancy yourself generous, when you are only indifferent. Insensible girl! you know nothing of love.

Write to me instantly, and tell me every emotion of your soul, for I tremble at the idea that your affection is less lively than mine.

Adieu I I am wretched till I hear from you. Is it possible, my Emily, you can have ceased

## 240 THE HISTORY, &c.

ceased to love him, who, as you yourself own, sees no other object than you in the universe?

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ED. RIVERS.

Melmeri' to

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You know not the heart of your Rivers, if you suppose it capable of any ambition but that dear one of being beloved by you.

What have you faid, my dear Emily?

You will not marry me in Canada!

You have passed a hard sentence on me: you know my fortune will not allow me to marry you in England.

END OF VOL. II.

you. Is it possible, my Entity, you can have

